The Witch of Edmonton:

A known true STORY.

Composed into

A TRAGI-COMEDY

By divers well-esteemed Poets;

William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c.

Acted by the Princes Servants, often at the Cock-Pit in *Drury-Lane*, once at Court, with singular Applause.

Never printed till now.

London, *Printed by* J. Cottrel, *for* Edward Blackmore, *at the Angel in* Paul's *Church-yard.* 1658.

First Edition.

Actors Names.

Sir Arthur Clarington.
Old Thorney, a Gentleman.
Old Carter, a rich Yeoman.
Old Banks, a Country-man.
W. Mago. } two Country-men.
W. Hamluc. }
Three other Country-men.
Warbeck. } Suitors to Carter's Daughters.
Somerton. }
Frank, Thorney's Son.
Young Cuddy Banks, the Clown.
Four Morice-Dancers.
Old Ratcliffe.
Sawgut, an old Fidler.
Poldavis, a Barbers boy.
Justice.
Constable.
Officers.
Servingmen.
Dog, a Familiar.
A Spirit.

Women.

Mother Sawyer, the Witch.
Anne, Ratcliffs Wife.
Susan. } Carters Daughters.
Katharine. }
Winnifride, Sir Arthur's Maid.

The whole Argument is this Dyſtich.

FOrc'd Marriage, Murder; Murder, Blood requires:
Reproach, Revenge; Revenge, Hells help deſires.

PROLOGUE.

THe Town of Edmonton *hath lent the Stage*
A Devil and a Witch, both in an age.
To make compariſons it were uncivil,
Between ſo even a pair, a Witch and Devil.
But as the year doth with his plenty bring
As well a latter as a former Spring;
So has this Witch enjoy'd the firſt, and reaſon
Preſumes ſhe may partake the other ſeaſon:
In Acts deſerving name, the Proverb ſays,
Once good, and ever; *Why not ſo in Plays?*
Why not in this? ſince (Gentlemen) we flatter
No Expectation: here is Mirth and Matter.

Mr. Bird.

The Witch of Edmonton.

Act 1. Scen. 1.

Enter Frank Thorney, Winnifride *with-child.*

Frank. COme, Wench; why here's a buſineſs ſoon diſpatch'd.
Thy heart I know is now at eaſe: thou needſt not
Fear what the tattling Goſſips in their cups
Can ſpeak againſt thy fame: thy childe ſhall know
Who to call *Dad* now.

Win. You have diſcharg'd the true part of an honeſt man;
I cannot requeſt a fuller ſatisfaction
Then you have freely granted: yet methinks
'Tis an hard caſe, being lawful man and wife,
We ſhould not live together. *Frank.* Had I fail'd
In promiſe of my truth to thee, we muſt
Have then been ever ſundred; now the longeſt
Of our forbearing eithers company,
Is onely but to gain a little time
For our continuing thrift, that ſo hereafter
The Heir that ſhall be born may not have cauſe
To curſe his hour of birth, which made him feel
The miſery of beggery and want;
Two Devils that are occaſions to enforce
A ſhameful end. My plots aim but to keep
My father's love. *Win.* And that will be as difficult
To be preſerv'd, when he ſhall underſtand
How you are married, as it will be now,
Should you confeſs it to him. *Frank.* Fathers are
Wonne by degrees, not bluntly, as our maſters,
Or wronged friends are; and beſides, I'll uſe

Such dutiful and ready means, that ere
He can have notice of what's paſt, th' inheritance
To which I am born Heir, ſhall be aſſur'd:
That done, why let him know it; if he like it not,
Yet he ſhall have no power in him left
To croſs the thriving of it. *Win.* You who had
The conqueſt of my Maiden-love, may eaſily
Conquer the fears of my diſtruſt. And whither
Muſt I be hurried? *Frank.* Prithee do not uſe
A word ſo much unſuitable to the conſtant
Affections of thy Husband: thou ſhalt live
Neer *Waltham Abbey*, with thy Unkle *Selman*:
I have acquainted him with all at large:
He'll uſe thee kindly: thou ſhalt want no pleaſures,
Nor any other fit ſupplies whatever
Thou canſt in heart deſire. *Win.* All theſe are nothing
Without your company. *Frank.* Which thou ſhalt have
Once every month at leaſt. *Win.* Once every month!
Is this to have an Husband? *Frank.* Perhaps oftner:
That 's as occaſion ſerves. *Win.* I, I, in caſe
No other Beauty tempt your eye, whom you
Like better, I may chance to be remembred,
And ſee you now and then. Faith, I did hope
You'ld not have us'd me ſo: 'tis but my fortune.
And yet, if not for my ſake, have ſome pity
Upon the childe I go with, that 's your own.
And, leſs you'll be a cruel hearted Father,
You cannot but remember that.
Heaven knows how. *Frank.* To quit which fear at once,
As by the ceremony late perform'd,
I plighted thee a faith, as free from challenge,
As any double thought; Once more in hearing
Of Heaven and thee, I vow, that never henceforth
Diſgrace, reproof, lawleſs affections, threats,
Or what can be ſuggeſted 'gainſt our Marriage,
Shall cauſe me falſifie that Bridal-Oath
That bindes me thine. And, *Winnifride*, when ever
The wanton heat of youth by ſubtle baits

Of

Of beauty, or what womans Art can practice,
Draw me from onely loving thee; let Heaven
Inflict upon my life ſome fearful ruine.
I hope thou doſt believe me. *Win.* Swear no more;
I am confirm'd, and will reſolve to do
What you think moſt behoofeful for us.

Frank. Thus then; make thy ſelf ready: at the furtheſt houſe
Upon the Green, without the Town, your Unckle
Expects you. For a little time farewel. *Win.* Sweet,
We ſhall meet again as ſoon as thou canſt poſſibly?

Frank. We ſhall. One kiſs. Away. *Enter* Sir Art. Clarington.

Sir Art. Frank Thorney. *Frank.* Here Sir. *Sir Art.* Alone? then muſt I tell thee in plain terms, thou haſt wrong'd thy Maſter's houſe baſely and lewdly.

Frank. Your houſe, Sir? *Sir Art.* Yes, Sir, if the nimble devil
That wanton'd in your blood, rebell'd againſt
All rules of honeſt duty. You might, Sir,
Have found out ſome more fitting place then here,
To have built a Stewes in. All the Country whiſpers
How ſhamefully thou haſt undone a Maid,
Approv'd for modeſt life, for civil carriage,
Till thy prevailing perjuries entic'd her
To forfeit ſhame. Will you be honeſt yet?
Make her amends and marry her? *Frank.* So, Sir,
I might bring both my ſelf and her to beggery;
And that would be a ſhame worſe then the other.

Sir Art. You ſhould have thought on this before, and then
Your reaſon would have overſway'd the paſſion
Of your unruly luſt. But that you may
Be left without excuſe, to ſalve the infamy
Of my diſgraced houſe, and 'cauſe you are
A Gentleman, and both of you my ſervants,
I'll make the Maid a portion. *Frank.* So you promis'd me
Before, in caſe I married her. I know
Sir *Arthur Clarington* deſerves the credit
Report hath lent him; and preſume you are
A Debtor to your promiſe: but upon
What certainty ſhall I reſolve? Excuſe me

For being ſomewhat rude. *Sir Art.* 'Tis but reaſon.
Well *Frank*, what thinkſt thou of 200 *l.*
And a continual friend? *Fra.* Though my poor fortunes
Might happily prefer me to a choice
Of a far greater portion; yet to right
A wronged Maid, and to preſerve your favour,
I am content to accept your proffer. *Sir Art.* Art thou?
Frank. Sir, we ſhall every day have need to employ
The uſe of what you pleaſe to give.
Sir Art. Thou ſhalt have't. *Fran.* Then I claim your promiſe.
We are man and wife. *Sir Art.* Already?
Frank. And more then ſo, I have promis'd her
Free entertainment in her Unkle's houſe,
Neer *Waltham Abbey*, where ſhe may ſecurely
Sojourne, till time and my endeavours work
My fathers love and liking. *Sir Art.* Honeſt *Frank*,
Frank. I hope, Sir, you will think I cannot keep her
Without a daily charge. *Sir Art.* As for the money,
'Tis all thine own; and though I cannot make thee
A preſent payment, yet thou ſhalt be ſure
I will not fail thee. *Frank.* But our occaſions.
Sir Art. Nay, nay, talk not of your occaſions, truſt my bounty: it ſhall not ſleep. Haſt married her, yfaith *Frank*?
'Tis well, 'tis paſſing well: then *Winnifride*,
Once more thou art an honeſt woman. *Frank*,
Thou haſt a Jewel. Love her; ſhe'll deſerve it.
And when to *Waltham*? *Frank.* She is making ready.
Her Unkle ſtays for her. *Sir Art.* Moſt provident ſpeed.
Frank, I will be friend, and ſuch a friend,
Thou'lt bring her thither? *Fran.* Sir, I cannot: newly
My father ſent me word I ſhould come to him.
Sir Art. Marry, and do: I know thou haſt a wit
To handle him. *Frank.* I have a ſuit t'ye. *Sir Art.* What is't?
Any thing, *Frank*, command it. *Frank.* That you'll pleaſe,
By Letters to aſſure my Father, that
I am not married. *Sir Art.* How? *Frank.* Some one or other
Hath certainly inform'd him that I purpos'd
To marry *Winnifride*; on which he threatned

To

To diſ-inherit me, to prevent it,
Lowly I crave your Letters, which he ſeeing
Will credit; and I hope ere I return,
On ſuch conditions as I'll frame, his Lands
Shall be aſſur'd. *Sir Art.* But what is that to quit
My knowledge of the marriage? *Frank.* Why you were not
A witneſs to it. *Sir Art.* I conceive: and then,
His Land confirmed, thou wilt acquaint him throughly
With all that's paſt. *Frank.* I mean no leſs. *Sir Art.* Provided,
I never was made privy to it. *Frank.* Alas, Sir,
Am I a talker? *Sir Art.* Draw thy ſelf the Letter,
I'll put my hand to it. I commend thy policy
Th'art witty, witty *Frank*; nay, nay, 'tis fit,
Diſpatch it. *Frank.* I ſhall write effectually. *Exit.*
Sir Art. Go thy way Cuckow; have I caught the young man?
One trouble then is freed. He that will feaſt
At others coſt, muſt be a bold fac'd gueſt.

Enter Win. *in a riding-ſuit.*

Win. I have heard the news, all now is ſafe.
The worſt is paſt. *Sir Art.* Thy lip, wench: I muſt bid
Farewel, for faſhions ſake; but I will viſit thee
Suddenly, Girl. This was cleanly carried:
Ha! was 't not *Win?* *Win.* Then were my happineſs,
That I in heart repent I did not bring him
The Dower of a Virginity. Sir, forgive me;
I have been much to blame. Had not my Laundreſs
Given way to your immoderate waſte of Vertue,
You had not with ſuch eagerneſs purſu'd
The error of your goodneſs. *Sir Art.* Dear, dear *Win.*
I hug this Art of thine, it ſhews how cleanly
Thou canſt beguile in caſe occaſion ſerve,
To practice. It becomes thee, now we ſhare
Free ſcope enough, without controle or fear,
To interchange our pleaſures; we will ſurfeit
In our embraces, Wench. Come, tell me, when
Wilt thou appoint a meeting? *Win.* What to do?
Sir Art. Good, good, to con the leſſon of our loves,
Our ſecret game. *Win.* O bluſh to ſpeak it further!

As

As y' are a noble Gentleman, forget
A ſin ſo monſtrous: 'tis not gently done,
To open a cur'd wound. I know you ſpeak
For trial; troth you need not. *Sir Art.* I for trial?
Not I, by this good Sun-ſhine. *Win.* Can you name
That ſyllable of good, and yet not tremble,
To think to what a foul and black intent,
You uſe it for an Oath? Let me reſolve you,
If you appear in any Viſitation
That brings not with it pity for the wrongs
Done to abuſed *Thorney*, my kinde husband;
If you infect mine ear with any breath
That is not throughly perfum'd with ſighs
For former deeds of luſt: May I be curs'd
Even in my prayers, when I vouchſafe
To ſee or hear you. I will change my life,
From a looſe whore, to a repentant wife.
Sir Art. Wilt thou turn monſter now? art not aſham'd
After ſo many months to be honeſt at laſt?
Away, away, fie on't. *Win.* My reſolution
Is built upon a Rock. This very day
Young *Thorney* vow'd with Oaths not to be doubted,
That never any change of love ſhould cancel
The bonds in which we are to either bound,
Of laſting truth. And ſhall I then for my part
Unfile the ſacred Oath ſet on Record
In Heaven's Book? *Sir Arthur*, do not ſtudy
To add to your laſcivious luſt, the ſin
Of Sacriledge: for if you but endeavour
By any unchaſte word to tempt my conſtancy,
You ſtrive as much as in you lies to ruine
A Temple hallowed to the purity
Of holy Marriage. I have ſaid enough:
You may believe me. *Sir Art.* Get you to your Nunnery,
There freeze in your old Cloyſter. This is fine.
Win. Good Angels guide me. Sir, you'l give me leave
To weep and pray for your converſion.
Sir Art. Yes, away to *Waltham*. Pox on your honeſty.

Had you no other trick to fool me? Well,
You may want mony yet. *Win.* None that I'll ſend for
To you, for hire of a damnation.
When I am gone, think on my juſt complaint:
I was your Devil, O be you my Saint! *Exit* Win.
Sir Art. Go, go thy ways, as changeable a baggage
As ever cozen'd Knight. I'm glad I'm rid of her.
Honeſt? marry hang her. *Thorney* is my Debtor,
I thought to have paid him too: but fools have fortune. *Exit S. A.*

SCÆN. 2.

Enter Old Thorney, *and Old* Carter.

O. *Thor.* You offer Mr. *Carter*, like a Gentleman,
I cannot finde fault with it, 'tis ſo fair.

O. *Cart.* No Gentleman, I, Mr. *Thorney*; ſpare the Maſterſhip, call me by my name, *John Carter*; Maſter is a title my Father, nor his before him, were acquainted with. Honeſt *Hertforſhire* Yeomen, ſuch an one am I; my word and my deed ſhall be proved one at all times. I mean to give you no ſecurity for the Marriage-money.

O. *Thor.* How? no ſecurity? although it need not, ſo long as you live; yet who is he has ſurety of his life one hour? *Men*, the Proverb ſays, *are mortal*: elſe, for my part, I diſtruſt you not, were the ſum double.

O. *Cart.* Double, trebble, more or leſs; I tell you, Mr. *Thorney*, I'll give no ſecurity. Bonds and Bills are but Tarriers to catch Fools, and keep lazy Knaves buſie; my ſecurity ſhall be preſent payment. And we here, about *Edmonton*, hold preſent payment as ſure as an Alderman's Bond in *London*, Mr. *Thorney*.

O. *Thor.* I cry you mercy, Sir, I underſtood you not.

O. *Cart.* I like young *Frank* well, ſo does my *Suſan* too. The Girl has a fancy to him, which makes me ready in my Purſe. There be other Suitors within, that make much noiſe to little purpoſe. If *Frank* love *Sue*, *Sue* ſhall have none but *Frank*. 'Tis a mannerly Girl, Mr. *Thorney*, though but an homely man's Daughter. There have worſe Faces look'd out of black Bags, Man.

O. *Thor.* You ſpeak your minde freely and honeſtly. I marvel my Son comes not: I am ſure he will be here ſometime to day.

O. *Cart.*

O. *Cart.* To day or to morrow, when he comes he ſhall be welcome to Bread, Beer and Beef, Yoeman's fare; we have no Kickſhaws: full Diſhes, whole belly-fulls. Should I diet three days at one of the ſlender City-Suppers, you might ſend me to Barber-Surgeons Hall the fourth day, to hang up for an Anatomy. —— Here come they that ——

How now Girls? every day play-day with you?

Enter VVarbeck *with* Suſan, Somerton *with Katherine.*

Valentine's day too, all by couples? Thus will young folks do when we are laid in our Graves, Mr. *Thorney.* Here 's all the care they take. And how do you finde the VVenches, Gentlemen? have they any minde to a looſe Gown and a ſtrait Shooe? VVin 'em, and wear 'em. They ſhall chuſe for themſelves by my conſent.

Warb. You ſpeak like a kinde Father. *Sue*, thou heareſt the liberty that 's granted thee. VVhat ſayeſt thou? wilt thou be mine?

Suſ. You: what, Sir? I dare ſwear, never your wife.

Warb. Canſt thou be ſo unkinde? conſidering how dearly I affect thee; nay, dote on thy perfections.

Suſ. You are ſtudied too Scholar-like in words: I underſtand not. I am too courſe for ſuch a Gallants love as you are.

Warb. By the honour of Gentility.

Suſ. Good Sir, no ſwearing: yea and nay with us
Prevails above all oathes you can invent.

Warb. By this white hand of thine. *Suſ.* Take a falſe oath? Fie, fie, flatter the wife: fools not regard it; and one of theſe am I.

Warb. Doſt thou deſpiſe me?

O. *Cart.* Let 'em talk on, Mr. *Thorney.* I know *Sue* 's minde. The Flye may buz about the Candle, he ſhall but ſinge his VVings when all 's done. *Frank*, *Frank* is he has her heart.

Som. But ſhall I live in hope, *Kate*?

Kat. Better ſo, then be a deſperate man.

Som. Perhaps thou think'ſt it is thy Portion
I level at: were thou as poor in Fortunes,
As thou art rich in Goodneſs; I would rather
Be Suitor for the Dower of thy Vertues,
Then twice thy Father 's whole Eſtate; and prithee —
Be thou reſolved ſo. *Kat.* Mr.

Kat. Mr. *Somerton*, it is an eaſie labour to deceive
A Maid that will believe Mens ſubtil promiſes:
Yet I conceive of you as worthily
As I preſume you do deſerve. *Som.* Which is
As worthily in loving thee ſincerely,
As thou art worthy to be ſo belov'd.

Kat. I ſhall finde time to try you. *Som.* Do, *Kate*, do:
And when I fail, may all my joys forſake me.

O. *Cart.* *Warbeck* and *Sue* are at it ſtill. I laugh to my ſelf, Mr. *Thorney*, to ſee how earneſtly he beats the Buſh, while the Bird is flown into anothers boſom. A very unthrift, Mr. *Thorney*; one of the Country roaring Lads: we have ſuch as well as the City, and as arrant Rake-hells as they are, though not ſo nimble at their prizes of wit. *Sue* knows the Raskal to an hairs breadth, and will fit him accordingly.

O. *Thor.* What is the other Gentleman?

O. *Cart.* One *Somerton*, the honeſter man of the two, by 5 *l.* in every ſtone-weight. A civil Fellow. He has a fine convenient Eſtate of land in *Weſt-ham* by *Eſſex*. M. *Ranges* that dwells by *Enfield*, ſent him hither. He likes *Kate* well. I may tell you, I think ſhe likes him as well. If they agree, I'll not hinder the match for my part. But that *Warbeck* is ſuch another——. I uſe him kindly for Mr. *Somerton*'s ſake: for he came hither firſt as a Companion of his. Honeſt men, Mr. *Thorney*, may fall into Knaves company, now and then.

Warb. Three hundred a yeer Joynture, *Sue*.

Suſ. Where lies it, by Sea or by Land? I think by Sea.

Warb. Do I look like a Captain? *Suſ.* Not a whit, Sir.
Should all that uſe the Seas be reckon'd Captains,
There's not a Ship ſhould have a Scullion in her
To keep her clean. *Warb.* Do you ſcorn me, Mrs. *Suſan*?
Am I a ſubject to be jeer'd at? *Suſ.* Neither
Am I a property for you to uſe
As ſtale to your fond wanton looſe diſcourſe.
Pray Sir be civil. *Warb.* VVilt be angry, VVaſp?

O. *Cart.* God-a-mercy, *Sue*. She'll firk him on my life, if he fumble with her. *Enter* Frank.
Mr. *Francis Thorney*, you are welcome indeed.

Your Father expected your coming. How does the right worſhipful Knight, Sir *Arthur Clarington*, your Maſter?

Frank. In health this morning. Sir, my duty. O. *Thor.* Now You come as I could wiſh. *Warb. Frank Thorney*, ha!

Suſ. You muſt excuſe me. *Frank*, Vertuous. Mrs *Suſan*. Kinde Mrs. *Katherine*. Gentlemen, to both *Salutes them.* Good time o'th' day. *Som.* The like to you. *Warb.* 'Tis he. A word, Friend. On my life, this is the Man Stands fair in croſſing *Suſan*'s love to me.

Som. I think no leſs. Be wiſe, and take no notice on't. He that can win her, beſt deſerves her. *Warb.* Marry A Servingman? mew. *Som.* Prethee Friend no more.

O. *Carr.* Gentlemen all, there's within a ſlight Dinner ready, if you pleaſe to taſte of it: Mr. *Thorney*, Mr. *Francis*, Mr. *Somerton*. VVhy Girls? what, Huſwives, will you ſpend all your forenoon in tittle-tattles? away: It's well yfaith. VVill you go in, Gentlemen?

O. *Thor.* VVe'll follow preſently: my Son and I Have a few words of buſineſs. O. *Carr.* At your pleaſure. *Ex. the reſt.*

O. *Thor.* I think you gueſs the reaſon, *Frank*, for which I ſent for you. *Frank.* Yes, Sir. O. *Thor.* I need not tell you VVith what a labyrinth of dangers dayly The beſt part of my whole Eſtate's encumbred: Nor have I any Clew to winde it out, But what occaſion proffers me. VVherein If you ſhould faulter, I ſhall have the ſhame, And you the loſs. On theſe two points relie Our happineſs or ruine. If you marry VVith wealthy *Carter*'s Daughter, there's a Portion VVill free my Land: all which I will inſtate Upon the marriage to you. Otherwiſe, I muſt be of neceſſity enforc'd To make a preſent ſale of all: and yet, For ought I know, live in as poor diſtreſs, Or worſe, then now I do. You hear the ſum: I told you thus before. Have you conſidered on't?

Frank. I have, Sir. And however I could wiſh To enjoy the benefit of ſingle Freedom,

For that I finde no diſpoſition in me
To undergo the burthen of that care
That Marriage brings with it ; Yet to ſecure
And ſettle the continuance of your Credit,
I humbly yield to be directed by you
In all commands. O. *Thor.* You have already us'd
Such thriving proteſtations to the Maid,
That ſhe is wholly yours. And ſpeak the truth,
You love her, do you not ? *Frank.* 'Twere pity, Sir,
I ſhould deceive her. O. *Thor.* Better y'had been unborn.
But is your love ſo ſteady that you mean,
Nay, more, deſire to make her your Wife ? *Frank.* Elſe, Sir,
It were a wrong not to be righted. O. *Thor.* True,
It were : and you will marry her ? *Frank.* Heaven proſper it :
I do intend it. O. *Thor.* O thou art a Villain !
A Devil like a Man. VVherein have I
Offended all the Powers ſo much, to be
Father to ſuch a graceleſs godleſs Son ?
Frank. To me, Sir, this ? O my cleft heart ! O. *Thor.* To thee,
Son of my curſe. Speak truth, and bluſh, thou monſter,
Haſt thou not married *Winnifride* ? a Maid
Was fellow-ſervant with thee. *Fra.* Some ſwift ſpirit
Has blown this news abroad. I muſt out-face it.
O. *Thor.* D'you ſtudy for excuſe ? why all the country
Is full on't. *Fra.* With your licenſe, 'tis not charitable,
I am ſure it is not fatherly, ſo much
To be o'reſway'd with credulous conceit
Of meer impoſſibilities. But Fathers
Are privileg'd to think and talk at pleaſure.
O. *Thor.* Why canſt thou yet deny thou haſt no wife ?
Frank. What do you take me for ? an Atheiſt ?
One that nor hopes the bleſſedneſs of life
Hereafter, neither fears the vengeance due
To ſuch as make the Marriage-bed an Inne,
VVhich Travellers day and night,
After a toylſome lodging leave at pleaſure ?
Am I become ſo inſenſible of loſing
The glory of Creations work ? My ſoul !

O I have liv'd too long. O. *Thor.* Thou haſt, diſſembler;
Dareſt thou perſevere yet? and pull down wrath
As hot as flames of hell, to ſtrike thee quick
Into the Grave of horror? I believe thee not.
Get from my ſight. *Fran.* Sir, though mine innocence
Needs not a ſtronger witneſs then the cleerneſs
Of an unperiſh'd conſcience; yet for that
I was enform'd, how mainly you had been
Poſſeſs'd of this untruth, To quit all ſcruple
Pleaſe you peruſe this Letter: 'tis to you.

O. *Thor.* From whom? *Fran.* Sir *Arthur Clarington* my Maſter.

O. *Thor.* Well, Sir.

Fran. On every ſide I am diſtracted: Am waded deeper into miſchief, then vertue can avoid. But on I muſt: Fate leads me: I will follow. There you read what may confirm you.

O. *Thor.* Yes, and wonder at it. Forgive me, *Frank.* Credulity abus'd me. My tears expreſs my joy: and I am ſorry I injur'd innocence.

Frank. Alas! I knew your rage and grief proceeded from your love to me: ſo I conceiv'd it.

O. *Thor.* My good Son, I'll bear with many faults in thee hereafter. Bear thou with mine.

Frank. The peace is ſoon concluded.

Enter Old *Carter.*

O. *Cart.* VVhy Mr. *Thorney*, d'ye mean to talk out your dinner? the Company attends your coming. What muſt it be, Mr. *Frank*, or Son *Frank?* I am plain Dunſtable.

O. *Thor.* Son, Brother, if your Daughter like to have it ſo.

Frank. I dare be confident, ſhe's not alter'd
From what I left her at our parting laſt:
Are you, fair Maid? *Suſ.* You took too ſure poſſeſſion
Of an engaged heart. *Frank.* Which now I challenge.

O. *Cart.* Marry and much good may it do thee, Son. Take her to thee. Get me a brace of Boys at a burthen, *Frank.* The nurſing ſhall not ſtand thee in a pennyworth of Milk. Reach her home and ſpare not. VVhen's the day?

O. *Thor.* To morrow, if you pleaſe. To uſe ceremony
Of charge and cuſtome, were to little purpoſe:

Their

Their loves are married faſt enough already.

O. *Cart.* A good motion. VVe'll e'en have an houſhold Dinner; and let the Fiddlers go ſcrape. Let the Bride and Bridegroom dance at night together: no matter for the Gueſts. To morrow, *Sue*, to morrow. Shall's to Dinner now?

O. *Thor.* VVe are on all ſides pleas'd, I hope.

Suſ. Pray Heaven I may deſerve the bleſſing ſent me. Now my heart is ſettled. *Frank.* So is mine.

O. *Cart.* Your Marriage-money ſhall be receiv'd before your VVedding-ſhooes can be pull'd on. Bleſſing on you both.

Frank. No Man can hide his ſhame from Heaven that views him. In vain he flees, whoſe deſtiny purſues him. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Act. II. Scæn. 1.

Enter Elizabeth Sawyer, *gathering ſticks.*

Sawy. AND why on me? why ſhould the envious world
Throw all their ſcandalous malice upon me?
'Cauſe I am poor, deform'd and ignorant,
And like a Bow buckl'd and bent together,
By ſome more ſtrong in miſchiefs then my ſelf?
Muſt I for that be made a common ſink,
For all the filth and rubbiſh of Men's tongues
To fall and run into? Some call me VVitch;
And being ignorant of my ſelf, they go
About to teach me how to be one: urging,
That my bad tongue (by their bad uſage made ſo)
Foreſpeaks their Cattle, doth bewitch their Corn,
Themſelves, their Servants, and their Babes at nurſe.
This they enforce upon me: and in part *Enter* O. *Bank.*
Make me to credit it. And here comes one
Of my chief Adverſaries.

O. *Bank.* Out, out upon thee, VVitch. *Sawy.* Doſt call me VVitch?

O. *Bank.* I do, VVitch, I do: and worſe I would, knew I a name more hateful. VVhat makeſt thou upon my ground?

Sawy. Gather a few rotten ſticks to warm me.

O. *Bank.*

O. *Bank.* Down with them when I bid thee, quickly;
I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin elſe.

Sawy. You-won't, Churl, Cut-throat, Miſer: there they be. VVould they ſtuck croſs thy throat, thy bowels, thy maw, thy midriff.

O. *Bank.* Sayſt thou me ſo? Hag, out of my ground.

Sawy. Doſt ſtrike me, ſlave? curmudgeon, now thy bones aches, thy joynts cramps, and convulſions ſtretch and crack thy ſinews.

O. *Bank.* Curſing, thou Hag! take that, and that. *Exit.*

Sawy. Strike, do, and withe'd may that hand and arm
Whoſe blows have lam'd me, drop from the rotten Trunk.
Abuſe me! beat me! call me Hag and Witch!
What is the name? where and by what Art learn'd?
What ſpells, what charms, or invocations?
May the thing call'd Familiar be purchas'd?

Enter Young Banks, *and three or four more.*

Y. *Bank.* A new head for the Tabor, and ſilver tipping for the Pipe. Remember that, and forget not five leſh of new Bells.

1. Double Bells: *Crooked Lane* ye ſhall have 'em ſtraight in. *Crooked Lane:* double Bells all, if it be poſſible.

Y. *Bank.* Double Bells? double Coxcombs; Trebles: buy me Trebles, all Trebles: for our purpoſe is to be in the Altitudes.

2. All Trebles? not a Mean?

Y. *Bank.* Not one: The Morrice is ſo caſt, we'll have neither Mean nor Baſe in our company, Fellow *Rowland.*

3. VVhat? nor a Counter?

Y. *Bank.* By no means, no hunting Counter; leave that to *Enfield Chaſe*-Men: all Trebles, all in the Altitudes. Now for the diſpoſing of Parts in the Morrice, little or no labour will ſerve.

2. If you that be minded to follow your Leader, know me, an ancient Honor belonging to our houſe, for a Fore-horſe, team, and for gallant in a Morrice: my Father's Stable is not unfurniſh'd.

3. So much for the Fore-horſe: but how for a good Hol by-horſe?

Y. *Bank.* For a Hol by-horſe? Let me ſee an Almanack. *Midſummer*-Moon, let me ſee ye. VVhen the Moon's in the full, then's wit in the wane. No more. Uſe your beſt skill. Your Morrice will ſuffer an Eclipſe.

A-

1. An Eclipſe? Y. *Bank.* A ſtrange one. 2. Strange?

Y. *Bank.* Yes, and moſt ſudden. Remember the Fore-gallant, and forget the Hobby-horſe. The whole body of your Morrice will be darkned. There be of us. But 'tis no matter. Forget the Hobby-horſe.

1. *Cuddy Banks*, have you forgot ſince he pac'd it from *Envile Chaſe* to *Edmonton*? *Cuddy*, honeſt *Cuddy*, caſt thy ſtuff.

Y. *Bank.* Suffer may ye all. It ſhall be known, I can take mine eaſe as well as another Man. Seek your Hobby-horſe where you can get him.

1. *Cuddy*, honeſt *Cuddy*, we confeſs, and are ſorry for our neglect.

2. The old Horſe ſhall have a new Bridle.

3. The Capariſons new painted.

4. The Tail repair'd.

1. The Snaffle and the Boſſes new ſaffron'd o're. 1. Kinde: 2. Honeſt: 3. Loving, ingenious: 4. Affable *Cuddy.*

Y. *Bank.* To ſhew I am not ſtint; but affable, as you ſay, very well ſtuft, a kinde of warm Dowe or Puff-paſte, I relent, I connive, moſt affable *Jack*: let the Hobby-horſe provide a ſtrong back, he ſhall not want a belly when I am in 'em. But Uds me, Mother *Sawyer.*

1. The old Witch of *Edmonton.* If our mirth be not croſs'd.

2. Bleſs us, *Cuddy*, and let her curſe her tother eye out. What doſt now?

Y. *Bank.* *Ungirt, unbleſs'd*, ſays the Proverb. But my Girdle ſhall ſerve a riding knit: and a fig for all the Witches in Chriſtendom. What wouldſt thou?

1. The Divel cannot abide to be croſs'd.

2. And ſcorns to come at any man's whiſtle.

3. Away 4. With the Witch.

Omn. Away with the Witch of *Edmonton. Ex. in ſtrange poſtur.*

Sawy. Still vex'd? ſtill tortur'd? That Curmudgeon *Banks*
Is ground of all my ſcandal. I am ſhunn'd
And hated like a ſickneſs: made a ſcorn
To all degrees and ſexes. I have heard old Beldames
Talk of Familiars in the ſhape of Mice,
Rats, Ferrets, Weaſels, and I wot not what,

That

That have appear'd, and ſuck'd, ſome ſay, their blood.
But by what means they came acquainted with them,
I'm now ignorant: would ſome power good or bad
Inſtruct me which way I might be reveng'd
Upon this Churl, I'd go out of my ſelf,
And give this Fury leave to dwell within
This ruin'd Cottage, ready to fall with age:
Abjure all goodneſs: be at hate with prayer;
And ſtudy Curſes, Imprecations,
Blaſphemous ſpeeches, Oaths, deteſted Oaths,
Or any thing that's ill; ſo I might work
Revenge upon this Miſer, this black Cur,
That barks, and bites, and ſucks the very blood
Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one,
To be a VVitch, as to be counted one.
Vengeance, ſhame, ruine, light upon that Canker.

Enter Dog.

Dog. Ho! have I found thee curſing? now thou art mine own.

Sawy. Thine? what art thou?

Dog. He thou haſt ſo often importun'd to appear to thee, the Devil.

Sawy. Bleſs me! the Devil?

Dog. Come, do not fear, I love thee much too well
To hurt or fright thee. If I ſeem terrible,
It is to ſuch as hate me. I have found
Thy love unfeign'd; have ſeen and pitied
Thy open wrongs, and come out of my love
To give thee juſt revenge againſt thy foes.

Sawy. May I believe thee?

Dog. To confirm't, command me
Do any miſchief unto Man or Beaſt,
And I'll effect it, on condition,
That uncompell'd thou make a deed of Gift
Of Soul and Body to me. *Sawy.* Out, alas!
My Soul and Body? *Dog.* And that inſtantly,
And ſeal it with thy blood: if thou denieſt,
I'll tear thy body in a thouſand pieces.

Sawy. I know not where to ſeek relief: But ſhall I

After

After ſuch Covenants ſeal'd, ſee full revenge
On all that wrong me? *Dog.* Hashs, ſilly woman!
The Devil is no lyer to ſuch as he loves.
Didſt ever know or hear the Devil a lyer
To ſuch as he affects?
Saw. VVhen I am thine, at leaſt ſo much of me,
As I can call mine own. *Dog.* Equivocations?
Art mine or no? ſpeak, or I'll tear. *Saw.* All thine.
Dog. Seal't with thy blood. [*Sucks her arm, thunder and lightning.*
See, now I dare call thee mine;
For proof, command me, inſtantly I'll run,
To any miſchief, goodneſs can I none.
Saw. And I deſire as little. There's an old Churl, one *Banks*—
Dog. That wrong'd thee: he lam'd thee, call'd thee VVitch.
Saw. The ſame: firſt upon him I'ld be reveng'd.
Dog. Thou ſhalt: Do but name how.
Saw. Go, touch his life.
Dog. I cannot.
Saw. Haſt thou not vow'd? Go, kill the ſlave.
Dog. I wonnot.
Saw. I'll cancel then my gift.
Dog. Ha, ha! *Saw.* Doſt laugh?
VVhy wilt not kill him? *Dog.* Fool, becauſe I cannot.
Though we have power, know, it is circumſcrib'd,
And ti'd in limits: though he be curs'd to thee,
Yet of himſelf he is loving to the world,
And charitable to the poor. Now Men
That, as he, love goodneſs, though in ſmalleſt meaſure,
Live without compaſs of our reach. His Cattle
And Corn, I'll kill and mildew: but his life
(Until I take him, as I late found thee,
Curſing and ſwearing) I have no power to touch.
Saw. Work on his corn and cattle then. *Dog.* I ſhall.
The VVitch of *Edmonton* ſhall ſee his fall.
If ſhe at leaſt put credit in my power,
And in mine onely; make Oriſons to me,
And none but me. *Saw.* Say how, and in what manner?
Dog. I'll tell thee, when thou wiſheſt ill;

Corn, Man or Beaſt, would ſpoyl or kill,
Turn thy back againſt the Sun,
And mu ble this ſhort Oriſon:
If thou to death or ſhame purſue 'em,
Sanctibicetur nomen tuum.

Sawy. If thou to death or ſhame purſue 'em,
Sanctibecetur nomen tuum.

Dog. Perfect. Farewel. Our firſt-made promiſes
We'll put in execution againſt *Banks*. *Exit.*

Sawy. Contamineiur nomen tuum. I'm an expert Scholar;
Speak Latine, or I know not well what Language,
As well as the beſt of 'em. But who comes he e? *Enter* Y. *Ba.*
The Son of my worſt Foe. *To death purſue 'em,*
Et ſanctabecetur nomen tuum.

Y. *Bank.* What 's that ſhe mumbles? the Devils *Pater noſter?*
Would it were elſe. Mother *Sawyer*, Good morrow.

Sawy. Ill morrow to thee, and all the world, that flout a poor old wo nan. *To death purſue 'em, and ſanctabacetur nomen tuum.*

Y. *Bank.* Nay, good Gammer *Sawyer*, what e're it pleaſes my Father to call you, I know you are *Sawy.* A Witch.

Y. *Bank.* A Witch? would you were elſe yfaith.

Sawy. Your Father knows I am by this.

Y. *Bank.* I would he did.

Sawy. And ſo in time may you.

Y. *Bank.* I would I might elſe. But Witch or no Witch, you are a motherly wo nan: and though my Father be a kinde of God bleſs us, as they ſay, I have an earneſt ſuit to you; and if you'll be ſo kinde to ka me one good turn, I'll be ſo courteous as to kob you another.

Sawy. VVhat's that? to ſpurn, beat me, and call me VVitch, as your kinde Father doth?

Y. *Bank.* My Father? I am aſham'd to own him. If he has hurt the head of thy credit, there's money to buy thee a Playſter: and a ſmall courteſie I would require at thy hands.

Sawy. You ſeem a good young Man, and I muſt diſſemble, the better to accompliſh my revenge. But for this ſilver, what wouldſt have me do? bewitch thee?

Y. *Bank.* No, by no means; I am bewitch'd already. I would have

have thee ſo good as to unwitch me, or witch another with me for company.

Sawy. I underſtand thee not. Be plain, my Son.

Y. *Bank.* As a Pike-ſtaff, Mother: you know *Kate Carter.*

Sawy. The wealthy Yeomans Daughter. What of her?

Y. *Bank.* That ſame Party has bewitch'd me.

Sawy. Bewitch'd thee?

Y. *Bank.* Bewitch'd me, *Hiſce auribus.* I ſaw a little Devil flie out of her eye like a Burbolt, which ſticks at this hour up to the Feathers in my heart. Now my requeſt is, to ſend one of thy what d'ye call 'ems, either to pluck that out, or ſtick another as faſt in hers. Do, and here's my hand, I am thine for three lives.

Sawy. We ſhall have ſport. Thou art in love with her.

Y. *Bank.* Up to the very hilts, Mother.

Sawy. And thou'ldſt have me make her love thee too.

Y. *Bank.* I think ſhe'll prove a VVitch in earneſt. Yes, I could finde in my heart to ſtrike her three quarters deep in love with me too.

Sawy. But doſt thou think that I can do't, and I alone?

Y. *Bank.* Truely, Mother Witch, I do verily believe ſo: and when I ſee it done, I ſhall be half perſwaded ſo too.

Sawy. It's enough. VVhat Art can do, be ſure of: turn to the Weſt, and whatſoe'er thou heareſt or ſeeſt, ſtand ſilent, and be not afraid. *She ſtamps.*

Enter the Dog; he fawns and leaps upon her.

Y. *Bank.* Afraid, Mother Witch? turn my face to the Weſt? I ſaid I ſhould always have a back-friend of her; and now it's out. And her little Devil ſhould be hungry, come ſneaking behinde me, like a cowardly Catchpole, and clap his Talents on my Haunches. 'Tis woundy cold ſure. I dudder and ſhake like an Aſpen-leaf every joynt of me.

Sawy. To ſcandal and diſgrace purſue 'em,
Et ſanctabicetur nomen tuum.
How now, my Son, how is't? *Exit Dog.*

Y. *Bank.* Scarce in a clean life, Mother Witch. But did your Gobblin and you ſpout Latine together?

Sawy. A kinde of Charm I work by. Didſt thou hear me?

Y. *Bank.* I heard I know not the Devil what mumble in a ſcurvy

baſe tone, like a Drum that had taken cold in the head the laſt Muſter. Very comfortable words: what were they? and who taught them you?

Sawy. A great learned Man.

Y. *Bank.* Learned Man? learned Devil it was as ſoon? But what? what comfortable news about the Party?

Sawy. Who? *Kate Carter?* I'll tell thee, thou knowſt the Style at the Weſt-end of thy Father's Peaſe-Field, be there to morrow-night after Sun-ſet; and the firſt live thing thou ſeeſt, be ſure to follow, and that ſhall bring thee to thy Love.

Y. *Bank.* In the Peaſe-field? Has ſhe a minde to Codlings already? The firſt living thing I meet, you ſay, ſhall bring me to her.

Sawy. To a ſight of her, I mean. She will ſeem wantonly coy, and flee thee: but follow her cloſe, and boldly: do but embrace her in thy arms once, and ſhe is thine own.

Y. *Bank.* At the Style, at the Weſt-end of my Father's Peaſe-land, the firſt live thing I ſee, follow and embrace her, and ſhe ſhall be thine. Nay, and I come to embracing once, ſhe ſhall be mine; I'll go neer to make at Eaglet elſe. *Exit.*

Sawy. A ball well bandied: now the ſet 's half won:
The Father's wrong I'll wreak upon the Son. *Exit.*

SCÆN. 2.

Enter Carter, Warbeck, Somerton.

Cart. How now Gentlemen, cloudy? I know Mr. *Warbeck*, you are in a fog about my Daughters marriage.

Warb. And can you blame me, Sir?

Cart. Not you me juſtly. VVedding and hanging are tied up both in a Proverb; and Deſtiny is the Juggler that unties the knot. My hope is, you are reſerved to a richer fortune then my poor Daughter.

Warb. However, your promiſe.

Cart. Is a kinde of debt, I confeſs it.

Warb. VVhich honeſt men ſhould pay.

Cart. Yet ſome Gentlemen break in that point, now and then, by your leave, Sir.

Som.

Som. I confeſs thou haſt had a little wrong in the VVench: but patience is the onely ſalve to cure it. Since *Thorney* has won the VVench, he has moſt reaſon to wear her.

Warb. Love in this kinde admits no reaſon to wear her.

Cart. Then love's a fool, and what wiſe man will take exception?

Som. Come, frolick *Ned*, were every man maſter of his own fortune, Fate might pick ſtraws, and Deſtiny go a wool-gathering.

Warb. You hold yours in a ſtring though. 'Tis well: but if there be any equity, look thou to meet the like uſage e're long.

Som. In my love to her Siſter *Katherine*? Indeed, they are a pair of Arrows drawn out of one Quiver, and ſhould flie at an even length, if ſhe do run after her Siſter.

Warb. Look for the ſame mercy at my hands, as I have received at thine.

Som. She'll keep a ſurer compaſs. I have too ſtrong a confidence to miſtruſt her.

Warb. And that confidence is a winde, that has blown many a married Man aſhore at Cuckolds Haven, I can tell you: I wiſh yours more proſperous though.

Cart. VVhate're you wiſh, I'll matter my promiſe to him.

Warb. Yes, as you did to me.

Cart. No more of that, if you love me. But for the more aſſurance, the next offer'd occaſion ſhall conſummate the Marriage: and that once ſeal'd,

Enter Young Thorney *and* Suſan.

Som. Leave the mannage of the reſt to my care. But ſee, the Bridegroom and Bride comes; the new pair of *Sheffield*-Knives fitted both to one ſheath.

Warb. The Sheath might have been better fitted, if ſome body had their due. But——

Cart. No harſh language, if thou loveſt me. *Frank Thorney* has done——

Warb. No more then I, or thou, or any man, things ſo ſtanding, would have attempted.

Som. Good morrow Mr. Bridegroom.

Warb. Come, give thee joy. Mayſt thou live long and happy in thy fair choice.

Y. *Thor.* I thank yee Gentlemen. Kinde Mr. *Warbeck*, I find you loving.

Warb.

Warb. **Thorney**, that creature, (much good do thee with her)
Virtue and beauty hold fair mixture in her.
She's rich no doubt in both. Yet were she fairer,
Thou art right worthy of her. Love her, **Thorney**,
'Tis nobleness in thee, in her but duty.
The match is fair and equal: the success
I leave to censure. Farewel, Mrs. Bride:
Till now elected, thy old scorne deride. *Exit.*

Som. Good Mr. **Thorney**.

Cart. Nay, you shall not part till you see the Barrels run a-tilt, Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Suf. VVhy change you your face, sweet-Heart?

Y. **Thor.** VVho? I? For nothing.

Suf. Dear, say not so: a Spirit of your constancy cannot endure his change for nothing. I have observ'd strange variations in you.

Y. **Thor.** In me?

Suf. In you, Sir. Awake: you seem to dream, and in your sleep you utter sudden and distracted accents, like one at enmity with peace. Dear loving Husband, if I may dare to challenge any interest in you, give me the reason fully: you may trust my brest as safely as your own.

Y. **Thor.** VVith what? you half amaze me, prithee.

Suf. Come, you shall not; indeed, you shall not shut me from partaking the least dislike that grieves you. I am all yours.

Y. **Thor.** And I all thine.

Suf. You are not, if you keep the least grief from me: but I find the cause; it grew from me.

Y. **Thor.** From you?

Suf. From some distaste in me or my behaviour: you are not kinde in the concealment. 'Las, Sir, I am young, silly, and plain; more strange to those contents a wife should offer. Say but in what I fail, I'll study satisfaction.

Y. **Thor.** Come, in nothing.

Suf. I know I do. Knew I as well in what, you should not long be sullen. Prithee Love, if I have been immodest or too bold, speak't in a frown: if peevishly too nice, shew't in a smile. Thy liking is the glass by which I'll habit my behaviour.

Y. **Thor.** Wherefore dost weep now?

Suf.

Suſ. You, Sweet, have the power to make me paſſionate as an *April*-day: now ſmile, then weep; now pale, then crimſon red. You are the powerful Moon of my bloods Sea, to make it ebb or flow into my face, as your looks change.

Y. *Thor.* Change thy conceit, I prithee:
Thou art all perfection: *Diana* her ſelf
Swells in thy thoughts, and moderates thy beauty.
VVithin thy left eye amorous *Cupid* ſits
Feathering Love-ſhafts, whoſe golden heads he dip'd
—— In thy chaſte breſt. In the other lies
Bluſhing *Adonis* ſcarft in modeſties.
And ſtill as wanton *Cupid* blows Love-fires,
Adonis quenches out unchaſte deſires.
And from theſe two I briefly do imply
A perfect Embleme of thy modeſty.
Then, prithee Dear, maintain no more diſpute,
For where thou ſpeakſt, it's fit all tongues be mute.

Suſ. Come, come, thoſe golden ſtrings of flattery
Shall not tie up my ſpeech, Sir; I muſt know
The ground of your diſturbance. Y. *Thor.* Then look here;
For here, here is the fen in which this Hydra
Of diſcontent grows rank.

Suſ. Heaven ſheild it: where?

Y. *Tho.* In mine own boſom: here the cauſe has root;
The poyſoned Leeches twiſt about my heart,
And will, I hope, confound me.

Suſ. You ſpeak Riddles.

Y. *Tho.* Take't plainly then: 'twas told me by a woman
Known and approv'd in Palmeſtry,
I ſhould have two wives.

Suſ. Two wives? Sir, I take it exceeding likely. But let not conceit hurt you: you are afraid to bury me?

Y. *Thor.* No, no, my *Winnifride.*

Suſ. How ſay you? *Winnifride?* you forget me.

Y. *Thor.* No, I forget my ſelf, *Suſan.*

Suſ. In what?

Y. *Thor.* Talking of wives, I pretend *Winnifride*,
A Maid that at my Mothers waited on me
Before thy ſelf.

Suſ.

Suſ. I hope, Sir, ſhe may live to take my place. But why ſhould all this move you?

Y. *Thor.* The poor Girl, ſhe has't before thee, and that's the Fiend torments me.

Suſ. Yet why ſhould this raiſe mutiny within you? ſuch preſages prove often falſe: or ſay it ſhould be true?

Y. *Thor.* That I ſhould have another wife?

Suſ. Yes, many; if they be good, the better.

Y. *Thor.* Never any equal to thee in goodneſs.

Suſ. Sir, I could wiſh I were much better for you;
Yet if I knew your fate
Ordain'd you for another, I could wiſh
(So well I love you, and your hopeful pleaſure)
Me in my grave, and my poor vertues added
To my ſucceſſor.

Y. *Thorn.* Pritheee, prithe, talk not of death or graves; thou art ſo rare a goodneſs, as Death would rather put it ſelf to death, then murther thee. But we, as all things elſe, are mutable and changing.

Suſ. Yet you ſtill move in your firſt ſphere of diſcontent. Sweet, chaſe thoſe clouds of ſorrow, and ſhine cleerly on me.

Y. *Thor.* At my return I will.

Suſ. Return? ah me! will you then leave me?

Y. *Thor.* For a time I muſt: but how? as Birds their young, or loving Bees their Hives, to fetch home richer dainties.

Suſ. Leave me? Now has my fear met its effect. You ſhall not, coſt it my life, you ſhall not.

Y. *Thor.* Why? your reaſon?

Suſ. Like to the Lap-wing have you all this while with your falſe love deluded me? pretending counterfeit cauſes for your diſcontent, and now at laſt it is by chance ſtole from you.

Y. *Thor.* What? what by chance?

Suſ. Your pre-appointed meeting of ſingle combate with young *Warbeck*.

Y. *Thor.* Hah!

Suſ. Even ſo: diſſemble not; 'tis too apparent. Then in his look I read it: deny it not; I ſee 't apparent: coſt it my undoing, and unto that my life, I will not leave you.

Y. *Thor.*

Y. *Thor.* Not until when? *Suſ.* Till he and you be Friends.
Was this your cunning? and then ſlam me off
With an old VVitch, two VVives, and *Winnifride*?
Y'are not ſo kinde indeed as I imagin'd.
Y. *Thor.* And you more fond by far then I expected.
It is a vertue that attends thy kinde.
But of our buſineſs within: and by this kiſs,
I'll anger thee no more; troth Chuck I will not.
Suſ. You ſhall have no juſt cauſe,
Y. *Thor.* Dear *Sue*, I ſhall not. *Exeunt.*

Act. III. Scen. 1.

Enter Cuddy Banks, *and Morice-dancers.*

1. NAy, *Cuddy*, prithee do not leave us now: if we part all this night, we ſhall not meet before day.

1. I prithee, *Banks*, let's keep together now.

Clow. If you were wiſe, a word would ſerve: but as you are, I muſt be forc'd to tell you again, I have a little private buſineſs, an hours work; it may prove but an half hours, as luck may ſerve; and then I take horſe and along with you. Have we e're a Witch in the Morice?

1. No, no; no womans part, but Maid-marian, and the Hobby-horſe.

Clow. I'll have a Witch; I love a Witch.

1. Faith, VVitches themſelves are ſo common now adays, that the counterfeit will not be regarded. They ſay we have three or four in *Edmonton*, beſides Mother *Sawyer*.

2. I would ſhe would dance her part with us.

3. So would not I; for if ſhe comes, the Devil and all comes along with her.

Clow. VVell, I'll have a Witch: I have lov'd a VVitch ever ſince I play'd at Cherry-pit. Leave me, and get my horſe dreſs'd: give him Oats; but water him not till I come. VVhither do we foot it firſt?

2. To Sir *Arthur Clarington*'s firſt, then whither thou wilt.

Clow. VVell, I'am content : but we muſt up to *Carter's*, the rich Yeoman. I muſt be ſeen on Hobby-horſe there.

1. O, I ſmell him now : I'll lay my ears *Banks* is in love, and that's the reaſon he would walk melancholy by himſelf.

Clow. Hah ! who was that ſaid I was in love ?

1. Not I.

2. Nor I.

Clow. Go to : no more of that. When I underſtand what you ſpeak, I know what you ſay : believe that.

1. VVell, 'twas I, I'll not deny it : I meant no hurt in't. I have ſeen you walk up to *Carter* 's of *Cheſſum*. *Banks*, were not you there laſt Shrovetide ?

Clow. Yes, I was ten days together there the laſt Shrovetide.

2. How could that be, when there are but ſeven dayes in the week ?

Clow. Prithee peace, I reckon *Stila nova*, as a Traveller : thou underſtandeſt as a freſh-water Farmer, that never ſaweſt a week beyond Sea. Ask any Souldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight days in the week there, hard by. How doſt thou think they riſe in high *Germany*, *Italy*, and thoſe remoter places ?

3. I, but ſimply there are but ſeven days in the week yet.

Clow. No, ſimply as thou underſtandeſt. Prithee, look but in the Lover's Almanack, when he has been but three days abſent ; Oh, ſays he, I have not ſeen my Love theſe ſeven yeers : there 's a long cut. When he comes to her again, and embraces her, O, ſays he, now methinks I am in Heaven ; and that 's a pretty ſtep : he that can get up to Heaven in ten days, need not repent his journey. You may ride a hundred days in a Caroch, and be further off then when you ſet forth. But I pray you, good Morrice-mates, now leave me. I will be with you by midnight.

1. Well, ſince he will be alone, we'll back again, and trouble him no more.

Omn. But remember, *Banks*.

Clow. The Hobby-horſe ſhall be remembred. But hark you : get *Poldavis*, the Barber's Boy for the Witch ; becauſe he can ſhew his Art better then another. *Exeunt.*

Well, now to my walk. I am neer the place where I ſhould meet

I know not what: ſay I meet a Thief, I muſt follow him, if to the Gallows: ſay I meet a Horſe, or Hare, or Hound, ſtill I muſt follow; ſome ſlow-pac'd Beaſt, I hope: yet Love is full of lightneſs in the heavieſt Lovers. Ha! my Guide is come. A VVater-Dog. I am thy firſt man, Sculler: I go with thee: ply no other but my ſelf: away with the Boat: land me but at *Katherine*'s Dock, my ſweet *Katherine*'s Dock, and I'll be a Fare to thee. That way? nay, which way thou wilt, thou know'ſt the way better then I. Fine gentle Cur it is, and well brought up, I warrant him. VVe go a ducking, Spaniel; thou ſhalt fetch me the Ducks, pretty kinde Raſcal.

Enter Spirit in ſhape of Katherine, *vizarded, and takes it off.*

Spir. Thus throw I off mine own eſſential horror,
And take the ſhape of a ſweet lovely Maid
Whom this Fool doats on. VVe can meet his folly,
But from his Vertues muſt be Run-aways.
We'll ſport with him: but when we reckoning call,
We know where to receive: th' Witch pays for all. (*Dog barks.*

Clow. I? is that the watch-word? She's come. Well, if ever we be married, it ſhall be at *Barking*-Church, in memory of thee. Now come behinde, kinde Cur.

And have I met thee, ſweet *Kate*?
I will teach thee to walk ſo late.
O ſee, we meet in Metre. What? doſt thou trip from me? Oh that I were upon my Hobby-horſe, I would mount after thee ſo nimble. Stay, Nymph, ſtay, Nymph, ſing'd *Apollo*: tarry and kiſs me; ſweet Nymph ſtay: tarry and kiſs me, Sweet. We will to *Cheſſum-ſtreet*, and then to the houſe ſtands in the high-way. Nay, by your leave, I muſt embrace you. Oh help, help, I am drown'd, I am drown'd. *Ex. Spir. and* Banks.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha. *Enter wet.*

Clow. This was an ill night to go a wooing in; I finde it now in *Pond*'s Almanack: thinking to land at *Katherine*'s Dock, I was almoſt at *Graveſend*. I'll never go to a Wench in the Dog-days again; yet 'tis cool enough. Had you never a paw in this Dog-trick? a mangie take that black hide of yours: I'll throw you in at *Limehouſe* in ſome Tanner's Pit or other.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Clow. How now? who 's that laughs at me? Hiſt to him. [*Dog breaks.*] Peace, peace; thou didſt but thy kinde neither. 'Twas my own fault.

Dog. Take heed how thou trufteſt the Devil another time.

Clow. How now? who's that ſpeaks? I hope you have not your reading Tongue about you.

Dog. Yes, I can ſpeak.

Clow. The Devil you can. You have read *Eſop* 's Fables then: I have play'd one of your parts then; the Dog that catch'd at the ſhadow in the water. Pray you, let me catechize you a little: VVhat might one call your name, *Dog?*

Dog. My Dame calls me *Tom.*

Clow. 'Tis well; and ſhe may call me *Aſs:* ſo there's an whole one betwixt us, *Tom-Aſs.* She ſaid, I ſhould follow you, indeed. VVell, *Tom,* give me thy fiſt; we are Friends: you ſhall be mine Ingle: I love you; but I pray you let 's have no more of theſe ducking devices.

Dog. Not, if you love me. Dogs love where they are beloved. Cheriſh me, and I'll do any thing for thee.

Clow. VVell, you ſhall have Jowls and Livers: I have Butchers to my Friends that ſhall beſtow 'em: and I will keep Cruſts and Bones for you, if you'll be a kinde Dog, *Tom.*

Dog. Any thing: I'll help thee to thy Love.

Clow. Wilt thou? That promiſe ſhall coſt me a brown Loaf, though I ſteal it out of my Father's Cupboard. You'll eat ſtollen Goods, *Tom,* will you not?

Dog. Oh beſt of all. The ſweeteſt bits, thoſe.

Clow. You ſhall not ſtarve, *Ningle Tom*; believe that, if you love Fiſh, I'll help you to Maids and Soles. I'm acquainted with a Fiſhmonger.

Dog. Maids and Soles? Oh, ſweet bits! Banquetting ſtuff, thoſe.

Clow. One thing I would requeſt you, *Ningle,* as you have play'd the Knaviſh Cur with me a little, that you would mingle amongſt our Morrice-Dancers in the morning. You can dance?

Dog. Yes, yes, any thing: I'll be there, but unſeen to any but thy ſelf. Get thee gone before: feare not my preſence. I have work to night. I ſerve more Maſters, more Dames then one.

Clow.

Clow. He can ſerve *Mammon* and the Devil too.

Dog. It ſhall concern thee, and thy Loves purchaſe:
There's a gallant Rival loves the Maid;
And likely is to have her. Mark what a miſchief
Before the Morrice ends, ſhall light on him.

Clow. Oh ſweet *Ningle*, thy neuſe once again. Friends muſt part for a time: farewel, with this remembrance; ſhalt have bread too when we meet again. If ever there were an honeſt Devil, 'twill be the Devil of *Edmonton*, I ſee. Farewel *Tom.* I prithee dog me as ſoon as thou canſt. *Ex.* Banks.

Dog. I'll not miſs thee, and be merry with thee.
Thoſe that are joys denied, muſt take delight
In ſins and miſchiefs, 'tis the Devil's right. *Ex. Dog.*

Enter Young Thorney, VVinnifride *as a Boy.*

Frank. Prithee no more: thoſe tears give nouriſhment
To weeds and briers in me, which ſhortly will
O'regrow and top my head: my ſhame will ſit
And cover all that can be ſeen of me.

Win. I have not ſhewn this cheek in company,
Pardon me now: thus ſingled with your ſelf,
It calls a thouſand ſorrows round about.
Some going before, and ſome on either ſide;
But infinite behinde: all chain'd together.
Your ſecond adulterous Marriage leads;
That's the ſad Eclipſe, the effects muſt follow.
As, plagues of ſhame, ſpight, ſcorn, and obloquy.

Y. *Tho.* Why? haſt thou not left one hours patience
To add to all the reſt? One hour bears us
Beyond the reach of all theſe Enemies.
Are we not now ſet forward in the flight,
Provided with the Dowry of my ſin,
To keep us in ſome other Nation?
VVhile we together are, we are at home
In any place. *Win.* 'Tis fowl ill gotten coyn,
Far worſe then Uſury or Extortion.

Y. *Thor.* Let my Father then make the reſtitution,
VVho forc'd me take the bribe: it is his gift
And patrimony to me; ſo I receive it.
He would not bleſs, nor look a Father on me,

Until

Until I ſatisfied his angry will.
VVhen I was ſold, I ſold my ſelf again
(Some Knaves have done't in Lands, and I in Body)
For money, and I have the hire. But, ſweet, no more,
'Tis hazard of diſcovery, our diſcourſe;
And then prevention takes off all our hopes.
For only but to take her leave of me,
My VVife is coming.

Win. VVho coming? your VVife?

Y. *Tho.* No, no, thou art here: the woman; I knew
Not how to call her now: but after this day
She ſhall be quite forgot, and have no name
In my remembrance. See, ſee, ſhe 's come. *Enter* Suſan.
Go lead the horſes to the hills top, there I'll meet thee.

Suſ. Nay, with your favour, let him ſtay a little.
I would part with him too, becauſe he is
Your ſole Companion; and I'll begin with him,
Reſerving you the laſt.

Y. *Thor.* I, with all my heart.

Suſ. You may hear, if it pleaſe you, Sir.

Y. *Thor.* No, 'tis not fit.
Some rudiments, I conceive, they muſt be,
To overlook my ſlippery footings. And ſo.

Suſ. No, indeed, Sir.

Y. *Thor.* Tuſh, I know it muſt be ſo, and 'tis neceſſary.
On, but be brief.

Win. VVhat charge ſo'ere you lay upon me, Miſtreſs,
I ſhall ſupport it faithfully (being honeſt)
To my beſt ſtrength.

Suſ. Believe 't ſhall be no other. I know you were
Commended to my husband by a noble Knight.

Win. Oh Gods! Oh, mine eyes!

Suſ. How now? what ailſt thou, Lad?

Win. Something hit mine eye, it makes it water ſtill,
Even as you ſaid, *Commended to my Husband.*
Some dor I think it was. I was, forſooth,
Commended to him by Sir *Arthur Clarington.*

Suſ. VVhoſe Servant once my *Thorney* was himſelf.

Thor

That title methinks ſhould make you almoſt Fellows,
Or at the leaſt much more then a Servant;
And I am ſure he will reſpect you ſo.
Your love to him then needs no ſpur for me,
And what for my ſake you will ever do;
'Tis fit it ſhould be bought with ſomething more
Then fair entreats. Look here's a Jewel for thee,
A pretty wanton Label for thine ear;
And I would have it hang there ſtill to whiſper
Theſe words to thee, *Thou haſt my Jewel with thee.*
It is but earneſt of a larger bounty,
VVhen thou returnſt, with praiſes of thy ſervice,
VVhich I am confident thou wilt deſerve.
VVhy, thou art many now, beſides thy ſelf:
Thou maiſt be Servant, Friend, and VVife to him.
A good VVife is then all. A Friend can play
The VVife and Servants part, and ſhift enough.
No leſs the Servant can the Friend and Wife.
'Tis all but ſweet ſociety, good counſel,
Enterchang'd loves; yes, and counſel-keeping.

Y. Thor. Not done yet?

Suſ. Even now, Sir.

Win. Miſtreſs, believe my vow, your ſevere eye
VVere it preſent to command; your bounteous hand,
VVere it then by to buy or bribe my ſervice,
Shall not make me more dear or neer unto him,
Then I ſhall voluntary. I'll be all your charge,
Servant, Friend, VVife to him. *Suſ.* VVilt thou?
Now bleſſings go with thee for't: courteſies
Shall meet thee coming home.

Win. Pray you ſay plainly, Miſtreſs,
Are you jealous of him? if you be,
I'll look to him that way too.

Suſ. Sayſt thou ſo?
I would thou hadſt a womans boſom now.
VVe have weak thoughts within us. Alas,
There's nothing ſo ſtrong in us as ſuſpicion:
But I dare not, nay, I will not think
So hardly of my *Thorney*. *Win.* Believe it, Miſtreſs, I'll

I'll be no Pander to him; and if I finde
Any looſe lubrick ſcapes in him, I'll watch him,
And at my return, proteſt I'll ſhew you all.
He ſhall hardly offend without my knowledge.
Suſ. Thine own diligence is that I preſs,
And not the curious eye over his faults.
Farewel: if I ſhould never ſee thee more,
Take it for ever.
Y. *Thor.* Prithee take that along with thee, *Gives his ſword.*
And haſte thee to the hills top; I'll be there inſtantly. *Ex.* Win.
Suſ. No haſte I prithee, ſlowly as thou canſt.
Pray let him obey me now: 'tis happily his laſt
Service to me. My power is e'en a going out of ſight.
Y. *Thor.* Why would you delay? we have no other
Buſineſs now but to part.
Suſ. And will not that, ſweet heart, ask a long time?
Methinks it is the hardeſt piece of work
That e're I took in hand. Y. *Thor.* Fie, fie, why look,
I'll make it plain and eaſie to you: Farewel. *Kiſſes.*
Suſ. Ah, 'las! I am not half perfect in it yet.
I muſt have it read over an hundred times.
Pray you take ſome pains, I confeſs my dulneſs.
Y. *Thor.* What a Thorne this Roſe grows on? parting were ſweet,
But what a trouble 'twill be to obtain it?
Come, again and again, farewel. Yet wilt return? *Kiſſes.*
All queſtions of my journey, my ſtay, imployment,
And reviſitation, fully I have anſwered all.
There's nothing now behinde, but nothing.
Suſ. And that nothing is more hard then any thing,
Then all the every things. This Requeſt.
Y. *Thor.* What is it?
Suſ. That I may bring you through one paſture more
Up to yon knot of trees: amongſt thoſe ſhadows
I'll vaniſh from you, they ſhall teach me how.
Y. *Thor.* VVhy, 'tis granted: come, walk then.
Suſ. Nay, not too faſt.
They ſay ſlow things have beſt perfection:
The gentle ſhowre wets to fertility.

The

The churliſh ſtorm may miſchief with his bounty.
The baſer beaſts take ſtrength, even from the wound:
But the Lord Lion's whelp is feeble long. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dog.

Dog. Now for an early miſchief and a ſudden:
The minde's about it now. One touch from me
Soon ſets the body forward.

Enter Young Thorney, Suſan.

Y. *Thor.* Your requeſt is out: yet will you leave me?

Suſ. VVhat? ſo churliſhly? you'll make me ſtay for ever,
Rather then part with ſuch a ſound from you.

Y. *Thor.* VVhy you almoſt anger me. Pray you be gone.
You have no company, and 'tis very early;
Some hurt may betide you homewards. *Suſ.* Tuſh, I fear none.
To leave you, is the greateſt hurt I can ſuffer:
Beſides, I expect your Father and mine own,
To meet me back, or overtake me with you.
They began to ſtir when I came after you:
I know they'll not be long.

Y. *Thor.* So, I ſhall have more trouble. [*Dog rubs him.*
Thank you for that. Then I'll eaſe all at once.
'Tis done now: what I ne'er thought on. You ſhall not go back.

Suſ. VVhy? ſhall I go along with thee? ſweet muſick!

Y. *Thor.* No, to a better place. *Suſ.* Any place, I:
I'm there at home, where thou pleaſeſt to have me.

Y. *Thor.* At home? I'll leave you in your laſt lodging.
I muſt kill you. *Suſ.* Oh fine! you'ld fright me from you.

Y. *Thor.* You ſee I had no purpoſe: I'm unarm'd. 'Tis this minutes decree, and it muſt be. Look, this will ſerve your turn.

Suſ. I'll not turn from it, if you be earſt, Sir. Yet you may tell me wherefore you'll kill me.

Y. *Thor.* Becauſe you are a whore.

Suſ. There's one deep wound already: a whore?
'Twas ever further from me then the thought
Of this black hour: a whore? Y. *Thor.* Yes, I'll prove it,
And you ſhall confeſs it. You are my whore,
No wife of mine. The word admits no ſecond.
I was before wedded to another, have her ſtill.

I do not lay the ſin unto your charge,
'Tis all mine own. Your marriage was my theft.
For I eſpous'd your dowry, and I have it:
I did not purpoſe to have added murther;
The Devil did not prompt me: till this minute
You might have ſafe returned; now you cannot:
You have dogg'd your own death. [*Stabs her.*
Suſ. And I deſerve it.
I'm glad my fate was ſo intelligent.
'Twas ſome good Spirits motion. Die? Oh,'twas time!
How many yeers might I have ſlept in ſin?
Sin of my moſt hatred too, Adultery?
Y. *Thor.* Nay,ſure 'twas likely that the moſt was paſt;
For I meant never to return to you
After this parting. *Suſ.* Why then I thank you more,
You have done lovingly, leaving your ſelf,
That you would thus beſtow me on another.
Thou art my Husband, Death, and I embrace thee
With all the love I have. Forget the ſtain
Of my unwitting ſin: and then I come
A Chryſtal Virgin to thee. My Soul's purity
Shall with bold Wings aſcend the Doors of Mercy;
For Innocence is ever her Companion.
Y. *Thor.* Not yet mortal? I would not linger you,
Or leave you a tongue to blab.
Suſ. Now heaven reward you ne'er the worſe for me.
I did not think that death had been ſo ſweet;
Nor I ſo apt to love him. I could ne'er die better,
Had I ſtaid forty yeers for preparation:
For I'm in charity with all the World.
Let me for once be thine example, Heaven;
Do to this man as I him free forgive.
And may he better die, and better live. *Moritur.*
Y. *Tho.* 'Tis done; and I am in: once paſt our height,
We ſcorn the deepſt Abyſs. This follows now,
To heal her Wounds by dreſſing of the Weapon:
Arms,thighs,hands,any place; we muſt not fail, [*Wounds himſelf.*
Light ſcratches giving ſuch deep ones. The beſt I can

To

To binde my ſelf to this Tree. Now's the ſtorm,
Which if blown o're, many fair days may follow. [*Dog ties him.*
So, ſo, I'm faſt; I did not think I could
Have done ſo well behinde me. How proſperous
And effectual miſchief ſometimes is? Help, help;
Murther, murther, murther.

Enter Carter, *and Old* Thorney.

Cart. Ha! VVhom tolls the Bell for? Y. *Thor.* Oh, oh!

O. *Thor.* Ah me! the cauſe appears too ſoon: my Child, my Son.

Cart. *Suſan*, Girl, Child. Not ſpeak to thy Father? Hah!

Y. *Tho.* O lend me ſome aſſiſtance to o'retake this hapleſs woman.

O. *Thor.* Let's o'retake the murtherers. Speak whilſt thou canſt; anon may be too late. I fear thou haſt deaths mark upon thee too.

Y. *Thor.* I know them both; yet ſuch an Oath is paſs'd,
As pulls damnation up if it be broke;
I dare not name 'em: think what forc'd men do.

O. *Thor.* Keep oath with murtherers? that were a conſcience to hold the Devil in.

Y. *Thor.* Nay, Sir, I can deſcribe 'em;
Shall ſhew them as familiar as their names.
The Taller of the two at this time wears
His Satten-doublet white, but Crimſon lin'd;
Hoſe of black Satten, Cloak of Scarlet.

O. *Thor.* *Warbeck*, *Warbeck*, *Warbeck*: Do you liſt to this, Sir?

Cart. Yes, yes, I liſten you: here's nothing to be heard.

Y. *Thor.* Th' others Cloak branch'd Velvet black, Velvet lin'd his Suit.

O. *Thor.* I have 'em already: *Somerton*, *Somerton*.
Binal revenge, all this. Come, Sir, the firſt work
Is to purſue the Murtherers, when we have remov'd
Theſe mangled bodies hence.

Cart. Sir, take that Carcaſe there, and give me this.
I'll not own her now; ſhe's none of mine.
Bob me off with a dumb ſhew? No, I'll have life.
This is my Son too, and while there 's life in him,
'Tis half mine; take you halfe that ſilence for 't.
VVhen I ſpeak, I look to be ſpoken to: forgetful Slut?

O. *Thor.* Alas! what grief may do now?

Look, Sir, I'll take this load of ſorrow with me.

Cart. I, do, and I'll have this. How do you, Sir?

Y. *Thor.* O, very ill, Sir.

Cart. Yes, I think ſo; but 'tis well you can ſpeak yet.
There 's no muſick but in ſound, ſound it muſt be.
I have not wept theſe twenty yeers before,
And that I gueſs was e're that Girl was born:
Yet now methinks, if I but knew the way,
My heart 's ſo ſalt, I could weep night and day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur Clarington, Warbeck, Somerton.

Sir Art. Come, Gentlemen, we muſt all help to grace
The nimble-footed youth of *Edmonton*, that are ſo kinde
To call us up to day with an high Morrice.

Warb. I could wiſh it for the beſt, it were the worſt now.
Abſurditie 's in my opinion ever the beſt Dancer in a Morrice.

Som. I could rather ſleep then ſee 'em. *Sir Art.* Not well, Sir?

Som. Faith not ever thus leaden; yet I know no cauſe for 't.

Warb. Now am I beyond mine own condition highly diſpos'd to mirth.

Sir Art. Well, you may have yet a Morrice to help both;
To ſtrike you in a dump, and make him merry.

Enter Fidler and Morrice; all but Banks.

Fidl. Come, will you ſet your ſelves in Morrice-ray? the fore-Bell, ſecond Bell, Tenor and great Bell; Maid-marion for the ſame Bell. But where 's the Weather-cock now? the Hobby-horſe?

1. Is not *Banks* come yet? What a ſpight 'tis?

Sir Art. When ſet you forward, Gentlemen?

1. We ſtay but for the Hobby-horſe, Sir: all our Footmen are ready.

Som. 'Tis marvel your Horſe ſhould be behinde your Foot.

2. Yes, Sir: he goes further about: we can come in at the Wicker, but the broad Gate muſt be opened for him.

Enter Banks, *Hobby-horſe and Dog.*

Sir Art. Oh, we ſtaid for you, Sir.

Clow. Onely my Horſe wanted a Shooe, Sir: but we ſhall make you amends e're we part.

Sir Art. I? well ſaid, make 'em drink e're they begin. [*Exit ſerv. with beer.*

Clow. A bowl, I prithee, and a little for my Horſe, he'll

he'll mount the better. Nay, give me, I muſt drink to him, he'll not pledge elſe. Here Hobby. [*Holds him the bowl.*] I pray you: No? not drink? You ſee, Gentlemen, we can but bring our horſe to the VVater; he may chuſe whether he'll drink or no.

Som. A good Moral made plain by Hiſtory.

1. Strike up, Father *Sawgut*, ſtrike up.

Fidl. E'en when you will, Children. Now in the name of the beſt foot forward. How now? not a word in thy Guts? I think, Children, my Inſtrument has caught cold on the ſudden.

Clow. My *Ningle*'s knavery: black *Tom*'s doing.

Omn. Why what mean you, Father *Sawgut*?

Clow. Why what would you have him do? You hear his Fiddle is ſpeechleſs.

Fidl. I'll lay mine Ear to my Inſtrument, that my poor Fiddle is bewitch'd. I play'd *The Flowers in* May, e'en now, as ſweet as a Violet; now 'twill not go againſt the hair: you ſee I can make no more Muſick then a Beetle of a Cow-turd.

Clow. Let me ſee, Father *Sawgut*, ſay, once you had a brave Hobby-horſe, that you were beholding to. I'll play and dance too. *Ningle*, away with it.

[*Dog plays the Morrice; which ended, enter a*

Omn. I marry, Sir! *Conſtable and Officers.*

Conſt. Away with jollity, 'tis too ſad an hour.
Sir *Arthur Clarington*, your own aſſiſtance,
In the Kings Name, I charge, for apprehenſion
Of theſe two Murderers, *Warbeck* and *Somerton*.

Sir Art. Ha! ſtat Murtherers?

Som. Ha, ha, ha, this has awakened my melancholy.

Warb. And ſtruck my mirth down flat. Murtherers?

Conſt. The accuſation is flat againſt you, Gentlemen.
Sir, you may be ſatisfied with this. I hope
You'll quietly obey my power;
'Twill make your cauſe the fairer.

Ambo. Oh! with all our hearts, Sir.

Clow. There's my Rival taken up for Hang-man's mear. *Tom* told me he was about a piece of Villany. Mates and Morrice-men, you ſee here's no longer piping, no longer dancing. This news of Murder has ſlain the Morrice. You that go the foot-

way

way, fare ye well: I am for a Gallop. Come, *Nimble.* *Exe.*

Fidl. [*Strikes his Fiddle.*] I? Nay and my Fiddle be come to himſelf again, I care not. I think the Devil has been abroad amongſt us to day. I'll keep thee out of thy fit now if I can. *Exe.*

Sir Art. Theſe things are full of horror, full of pity.
But if this time be conſtant to the proof,
The guilt of both theſe Gentlemen I dare take
Upon mine own danger; yet howſoever, Sir,
Your power muſt be obey'd.

Warb. Oh moſt willingly, Sir.
'Tis a moſt ſweet affliction. I could not meet
A joy in the beſt ſhape with better will.
Come, fear not, Sir; nor Judge, nor Evidence,
Can binde him o're, who's freed by conſcience.

Som. Mine ſtands ſo upright to the middle Zone,
It takes no ſhadow to't, it goes alone. *Exeunt.*

Act. IV. Scen. 1.

Enter Old Banks, *and two or three Country-men.*

O. *Bank.* MY Horſe this morning runs moſt pitiouſly of the Glaunders, whoſe noſe yeſternight was as clean as any Man 's here now coming from the Barbers; and this I'll take my death upon 't is long of this Jadiſh Witch, Mother *Sawyer.*

1. I took my Wife and a Servingman in our Town of *Edmonton*, thraſhing in my Barn together, ſuch Corn as Country-Wenches carry to Market; and examining my Polecat why ſhe did ſo, ſhe ſwore in her conſcience ſhe was bewitch'd: and what Witch have we about us, but Mother *Sawyer?*

2. Rid the Town of her, elſe all our Wives will do nothing elſe but dance about other Country May-poles.

3. Our Cattel fall, our Wives fall, our Daughters fall, and Maid-ſervants fall; and we our ſelves ſhall not be able to ſtand, if this Beaſt be ſuffered to graze amongſt us.

Enter W. Hamlac, *with Thatch and a Link.*

Haml. Burn the Witch, the Witch, the Witch, the Witch.

Omn. What haſt got there? *Haml.*

Haml. A handful of Thatch pluck'd off a Hovel of hers: and they ſay, when 'tis burning, if ſhe be a VVitch, ſhe'll come running in.

O. *Bank.* Fire it, fire it: I'll ſtand between thee and home for any danger.

As that burns, enter the Witch.

Sawy. Diſeaſes, Plagues; the curſe of an old VVoman follow and fall upon you.

Omn. Are you come, you old Trot?

O. *Bank.* You hot VVhore, muſt we fetch you with fire in your tail?

1. This Thatch is as good as a Jury to prove ſhe is a Witch.

Omn. Out Witch; beat her, kick her, ſet fire on her.

Sawy. Shall I be murthered by a bed of Serpents? help, help!

Enter Sir Arthur Clarington, *and a Juſtice.*

Omn. Hang her, beat her, kill her.

Juſt. How now? Forbear this violence.

Sawy. A crew of Villains, a knot of bloody Hang-men ſet to torment me I know not why.

Juſt. Alas, neighbour *Banks*, are you a Ring-leader in miſchief? Fie, to abuſe an aged woman!

O. *Bank.* VVoman? a She-hell-cat, a Witch: to prove her one, we no ſooner ſet fire on the Thatch of her Houſe, but in ſhe came running, as if the Divel had ſent her in a Barrel of Gunpowder; which trick as ſurely proves her a VVitch, as the Pox in a ſnuffling noſe, is a ſign a Man is a Whore-maſter.

Juſt. Come, come; firing her Thatch? ridiculous: take heed Sirs what you do: unleſs your proofs come better arm'd, inſtead of turning her into a VVitch, you'll prove your ſelves ſtarke Fools.

Omn. Fools?

Juſt. Arrant Fools.

O. *Bank.* Pray, Mr. Juſtice what do you call 'em, hear me but in one thing: This grumbling Devil owes me I know no good will ever ſince I fell out with her.

Sawy. And brakeſt my back with beating me.

O. *Bank.* I'll break it worſe.

Sawy. VVilt thou?

Juſt.

Juſt. You muſt not threaten her: 'tis againſt Law. Go on.

O. *Bank.* So, Sir, ever ſince, having a Dun-Cow tied up in my Back-ſide, let me go thither, or but caſt mine eye at her, and if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot chuſe, though it be ten times in an hour, but run to the Cow, and taking up her tail, kiſs (ſaving your Worſhip's Reverence) my Cow behinde; That the whole Town of *Edmonton* has been ready to be-piſs themſelves with laughing me to ſcorn.

Juſt. And this is long of her?

O. *Bank.* VVho the Devil elſe? for is any man ſuch an Aſs, to be ſuch a Baby, if he were not bewitch'd?

Sir Art. Nay, if ſhe be a VVitch, and the harms ſhe does end in ſuch ſports, ſhe may ſcape burning.

Juſt. Go, go; pray vex her not: ſhe is a Subject, and you muſt not be Judges of the Law to ſtrike her as you pleaſe.

Omn. No, no, we'll finde cudgel enough to ſtrike her.

O. *Bank.* I, no lips to kiſs but my Cows——? *Exeunt.*

Sawy. Rots and foul maladies eat up thee and thine.

Juſt. Here's none now, Mother *Sawyer*, but this Gentleman, my ſelf and you; let us to ſome milde Queſtions, have you milde Anſwers? Tell us honeſtly, and with a free confeſſion, (we'll do our beſt to wean you from it) are you a VVitch, or no?

Sawy. I am none.

Juſt. Be not ſo furious.

Sawy. I am none. None but baſe Curs ſo bark at me. I am none. Or would I were: if every poor old VVoman be trod on thus by ſlaves, revil'd, kick'd, beaten, as I am daily, ſhe to be reveng'd had need turn VVitch.

Sir Art. And you to be reveng'd have ſold your Soul to th'Devil.

Sawy. Keep thine own from him.

Juſt. You are too ſawcie, and too bitter.

Sawy. Sawcie? by what commiſſion can he ſend my Soul on the Divel's Errand, more then I can his? is he a Landlord of my Soul, to thruſt it when he liſt out of door?

Juſt. Know whom you ſpeak to.

Sawy. A Man: perhaps, no Man. Men in gay clothes, whoſe Backs are laden with Titles and Honours, are within far more crooked then I am; and if I be a VVitch, more VVitch-like.

Sir Art.

Sir Art. Y'are a baſe Hell-hound. And now, Sir, let me tell you, Far and neer ſhe's bruited for a woman that maintains a Spirit that ſucks her.

Sawy. I defie thee.

Sir Arth. Go, go, I can; if need be, bring an hundred voyces e'en here in *Edmonton*, that ſhall lowd proclaim thee for a ſecret and pernicious Witch.

Sawy. Ha, ha!

Juſt. Do you laugh? why laugh you?

Sawy. At my name: the brave name this Knight gives me, Witch.

Juſt. Is the Name of Witch ſo pleaſing to thine Ear?

Sir Art. Pray, Sir, give way, and let her Tongue gallop on.

Sawy. A Witch? who is not?
Hold not that univerſal Name in ſcorne then.
What are your painted things in Princes Courts?
Upon whoſe Eye-lids Luſt ſits blowing fires
To burn Mens Souls in ſenſual hot deſires:
Upon whoſe naked Paps, a Leachers thought
Acts Sin in fouler ſhapes then can be wrought.

Juſt. But thoſe work not as you do.

Sawy. No, but far worſe:
Theſe, by Inchantments, can whole Lordſhips change
To Trunks of rich Attire: turn Ploughs and Teams
To *Flanders* Mares and Coaches; and huge trains
Of ſervitors, to a *French* Butter-Flie.
Have you not City-witches who can turn
Their husbands wares, whole ſtanding ſhops of wares,
To ſumptuous Tables, Gardens of ſtoln ſin?
In one yeer waſting, what ſcarce twenty win.
Are not theſe Witches? *Juſt.* Yes, yes, but the Law
Caſts not an eye on theſe. *Sawy.* VVhy then on me,
Or any lean old Beldame? Reverence once
Had wont to wait on age. Now an old woman
Ill favour'd grown with yeers, if ſhe be poor,
Muſt be call'd Bawd or VVitch. Such ſo abus'd
Are the courſe VVitches: t'other are the fine,
Spun for the Devil's own wearing.

Sir Art. And ſo is thine.

Sawy. She on whoſe tongue a whirlwind ſits to blow
A man out of himſelf, from his ſoft pillow,
To lean his head on Rocks and fighting waves,
Is not that Scold a Witch? The Man of Law
VVhoſe honeyed hopes the credulous Client draws,
(As Bees by tinkling Baſons) to ſwarm to him,
From his own Hive, to work the VVax in his;
He is no VVitch, not he.

Sir Art. But theſe Men-VVitches
Are not in trading with Hells Merchandize,
Like ſuch as you are, that for a word, a look,
Denial of a Coal of fire, kill Men,
Children and Cattel.

Sawy. Tell them, Sir, that do ſo:
Am I accus'd for ſuch an one?

Sir Art. Yes, 'twill be ſworn.

Sawy. Dare any ſwear I ever tempted Maiden
VVith golden hooks flung at her chaſtity,
To come and loſe her honour? and being loſt,
To pay not a Denier for't? Some ſlaves have done it.
Men-witches can without the Fangs of Law,
Drawing once one drop of blood, put counterfeit pieces
Away for true Gold.

Sir Art. By one thing ſhe ſpeaks,
I know now ſhe's a VVitch, and dare no longer
Hold conference with the Fury. *Juſt.* Let's then away:
Old woman, mend thy life, get home and pray. *Exeunt.*

Sawy. For his confuſion. [*Enter Dog.*] My dear Tom-boy welcome.
I am torn in pieces by a pack of Curs
Clap'd all upon me, and for want of thee:
Comfort me: thou ſhalt have the Teat anon.

Dog. Bough wough: I'll have it now.

Sawy. I am dri'd up
VVith curſing and with madneſs; and have yet
No blood to moyſten theſe ſweet lips of thine.
Stand on thy hind-legs up. Kiſs me, my *Tommy*,
And rub away ſome wrinkles on my brow,

By

By making my old ribs to ſhrug for joy
Of thy fine tricks. VVhat haſt thou done? Let's tickle.
Haſt thou ſtruck the horſe lame as I bid thee?

Dog. Yes, and nip'd the ſucking-childe. *Sawy.* Ho, ho, my dainty,
My little Pearl. No Lady loves her Hound,
Monkey, or Parakeet, as I do thee.

Dog. The Maid has been churming Butter nine hours; but it ſhall not come.

Sawy. Let 'em eat Cheeſe and choak. *Dog.* I had rare ſport
Among the Clowns i'th' Morrice. *Sawy.* I could dance
Out of my skin to hear thee. But my Curl-pate,
That Jade, that foul-tongu'd whore, *Nan Ratcliff*,
VVho for a little Soap lick'd by my Sow,
Struck, and almoſt had lam'd it; Did not I charge thee,
To pinch that Queen to th' heart?

Dog. Bough, wough, wough: Look here elſe.

Enter Anne Ratcliff *mad.*

Ratc. See, ſee, ſee; the Man i'th' Moon has built a new Wind-mill, and what running there 's from all quarters of the City to learn the Art of Grinding!

Sawy. Ho, ho, ho! I thank thee, my ſweet Mungrel.

Ratc. Hoyda! a-pox of the Devil's falſe Hopper! all the golden Meal runs into the rich Knaves purſes, and the poor have nothing but Bran. Hey derry down! Are not you Mother *Sawyer*?

Sawy. No, I am a Lawyer.

Ratc. Art thou? I prithee let me ſcratch thy Face; for thy Pen has flea'd off a great many mens skins. You'll have brave doings in the Vacation; for Knaves and Fools are at variance in every Village. I'll ſue Mother *Sawyer*, and her own Sow ſhall give in evidence againſt her.

Sawy. Touch her.

Ratc. Oh my Ribs are made of a paynd Hoſe, and they break. There's a *Lancaſhire* Horn-pipe in my throat: hark how it tickles it, with Doodle, Doodle, Doodle, Doodle. VVelcome Serjeants: welcome Devil. Hands, hands; hold hands, and dance a-round, a-round, a-round.

Enter Old Banks, *his Son the Clown, Old* Ratcliff, *Country-fellows.*

O. *Ratc.* She's here; alas, my poor wife is here.

O. *Bank.* Catch her faſt, and have her into ſome cloſe Chamber: do, for ſhe's as many VVives are, ſtark mad.

Clow. The witch, Mother *Sawyer*, the witch, the devil. [*Carry her off.*

O. *Ratc.* O my dear VVife! help, Sirs!

O. *Bank.* You ſee your work, Mother *Bumby*.

Saw. My work? ſhould ſhe & all you here run mad, is the work mine?

Clow. No, on my conſcience, ſhe would not hurt a Devil of two yeers old. *Enter Old* Ratcliff, *and the reſt.* How now? what's become of her?

O. *Ratc.* Nothing: ſhe's become nothing, but the miſerable trunk of a wretched woman. We were in her hands as Reeds in a mighty Tempeſt: ſpight of our ſtrengths, away ſhe brake; and nothing in her mouth being heard, but the Devil, the VVitch, the VVitch, the Devil; ſhe beat out her own brains, and ſo died.

Clow. It's any Man's caſe, be he never ſo wiſe, to die when his brains go a wool-gathering.

O. *Banks.* Maſters, be rul'd by me; let's all to a Juſtice. Hag, thou haſt done this, and thou ſhalt anſwer it.

Sawy. Banks, I defie thee.

O. *Bank.* Get a VVarrant firſt to examine her, then ſhip her to *Newgate*: here's enough, if all her other villanies were pardon'd, to burn her for a VVitch. You have a Spirit, they ſay, comes to you in the likeneſs of a Dog; we ſhall ſee your Cur at one time or other: if we do, unleſs it be the Devil himſelf, he ſhall go howling to the Goal in one chain, and thou in another.

Sawy. Be hang'd thou in a third, and do thy worſt.

Clow. How, Father? you ſend the poor dumb thing howling to th'Goal? He that makes him howl, makes me roar.

O. *Bank.* VVhy, fooliſh Boy, doſt thou know him?

Clow. No matter, if I do or not. He's baylable I am ſure by Law. But if the Dog's word will not be taken, mine ſhall.

O. *Bank.* Thou Bayl for a Dog?

Clow. Yes, or a Bitch either, being my Friend. I'll lie by the heels my ſelf, before Puppiſon ſhall: his Dog-days are not come yet, I hope.

O. *Bank.* VVhat manner of Dog is it? didſt ever ſee him?

Clow. See him? yes, and given him a bone to gnaw twenty times. The Dog is no Court foyſting Hound, that fills his belly

Full

full by baſe wagging his tayl ; neither is it a Citizens VVater-Spaniel, enticing his Maſter to go a-ducking twice or thrice a week, whilſt his VVife makes Ducks and Drakes at home : this is no *Paris*-Garden Bandog neither, that keeps a Bough, wough, woughing, to have Butchers bring their Curs thither; and when all comes to all, they run away like Sheep : neither is this the black Dog of *New-gate*.

O. *Bank*. No, Good-man Son-fool, but the Dog of Hell-gate.

Clow. I ſay, Good-man Father-fool, it's a lye.

Omn. He's bewitch'd.

Clow. A groſs lye as big as my ſelf. The Devil in St. *Dunſtan's* will as ſoon drink with this poor Cur, as with any Temple-Bar-Laundreſs, that waſhes and wrings Lawyers.

Dog. Bough, wough, wough, wough.

Omn. O the Dog's here, the Dog's here.

O. *Bank*. It was the voice of a Dog.

Clow. The voice of a Dog ? if that voice were a Dog's, what voice had my Mother ? ſo am I a Dog : bough, wough, wough : it was I that bark'd ſo, Father, to make Cocks-combs of theſe Clowns.

O. *Bank*. However, we'll be Cocks-comb'd no longer : away therefore to th' Juſtice for a Warrant ; and then, Gammer *Gurton*, have at your Needle of VVitch-craft.

Sawy. And prick thine own eyes out. Go, ſee iſh Fools. *Exe*.

Clow. *Ningle*, you had like to have ſpoyl'd all with your Boughings. I was glad to put 'em off with one of my Dog-tricks, on a ſudden, I am bewitch'd, little Coſt-me-nought, to love thee---a Pox, that Mortice makes me ſpit in thy mouth. I dare not ſtay. Farewel, *Ningle* ; you whoreſon Dogs-note. Farewel Witch. *Exit*.

Dog. Bough, wough, wough, wough.

Sawy. Minde him not, he's not worth thy worrying : run at a fairer Game : that fowl-mouth'd Knight, ſcurvy Sir *Arthur*, flie at him, my *Tommy* ; and pluck out's throat.

Dog. No, there a Dog already biting 's conſcience.

Sawy. That's a ſure Blood-hound. Come, let's home and play. Our black work ended, we'll make holiday. *Exeunt*.

Scæn.

SCÆN. 2.

Enter Katherine: *a Bed thrust forth, on it* Frank *in a ſlumber.*

Kat. Brother, Brother! So ſound aſleep? that's well.

Frank. No, not I, Siſter: he that's wounded here,
As I am; (all my other hurts are bitings
Of a poor flea) but he that here once bleeds,
Is maim'd incurably.

Kat. My good ſweet Brother,
(For now my Siſter muſt grow up in you)
Though her loſs ſtrikes you through, and that I feel
The blow as deep, I pray thee be not cruel
To kill me too, by ſeeing you caſt away
In your own helpleſs ſorrow. Good Love, ſit up:
And if you can give Phyſick to your ſelf,
I ſhall be well.

Frank. I'll do my beſt.

Kat. I thank you. What do you look about for?

Frank. Nothing, nothing; but I was thinking, Siſter.

Kat. Dear heart, what?

Fran. Who but a fool would thus be bound to a bed,
Having this Room to walk in?

Kat. Why do you talk ſo? would you were faſt aſleep.

Frank. No, no, I'm not idle:
But here's my meaning: being rob'd as I am,
Why ſhould my Soul, which married was to hers,
Live in divorce, and not flie after her?
Why ſhould not I walk hand in hand with death
To finde my Love out?

Kat. That were well, indeed.
Your time being come, when death is ſent to call you,
No doubt you ſhall meet her.

Frank. Why ſhould not I go without calling?

Kat. Yes, Brother, ſo you might, were there no place
To go to when y'are gone, but onely this.

Frank. Troth, Siſter, thou ſayſt true:
For when a man has been an hundred yeers,

Hard

Hard travelling o're the tottering bridge of age,
He's not the thouſand part upon his way.
All life is but a wandring to finde home:
When we are gone, we are there. Happy were man,
Could here his Voyage end; he ſhould not then
Anſwer how well or ill he ſteer'd his Soul,
By Heaven's or by Hell's Compaſs; how he put in
(Looſing bleſs'd Goodneſs ſhore) at ſuch a ſin;
Nor how life's dear proviſion he has ſpent:
Nor how far he in's Navigation went
Beyond Commiſſion. This were a fine Raign,
To do ill, and not hear of it again.
Yet then were Man more wretched then a Beaſt:
For, Siſter, our dead pay is ſure the beſt.

Kat. 'Tis ſo, the beſt or worſt. And I wiſh Heaven
To pay (and ſo I know it will) that Traytor,
That Devil *Somerton* (who ſtood in mine eye
Once as an Angel) home to his deſervings.
What Villain but himſelf, once loving me,
With *Warbeck's* Soul would pawn his own to Hell,
To be reveng'd on my poor Siſter?

Frank. Slaves! a pair of mercileſs Slaves!
Speak no more of them.

Kate. I think this talking hurts you.

Frank. Does me no good, I'm ſure,
I pay for't everywhere.

Kat. I have done then.
Eat, if you cannot ſleep: you have theſe two days
Not taſted any food. *Jane*, is it ready?

Frank. What's ready? what's ready?

Kat. I have made ready a roſted Chicken for you.
Sweet, wilt thou eat?

Frank. A pretty ſtomach on a ſudden---yes---
There's one in the houſe can play upon a Lute:
Good Girl, let 's hear him too.

Kat. You ſhall, dear Brother.
VVould I were a Muſician, you ſhould hear *Lute plays.*
How I would feaſt your ear.

Stay,

Stay, mend your Pillow, and raiſe you higher.

Frank. I am up too high: am I not, Siſter, now?

Kat. No, no; 'tis well: fall to, fall to. A Knife: here's never a Knife, Brother, I'll look out yours.

Enter Dog, ſhrugging as it were for joy, and dances.

Frank. Siſter, O Siſter, I am ill upon a ſudden; and can eat nothing.

Kat. In very deed you ſhall. The want of Food makes you ſo faint. Ha! here's none in your pocket. I'll go fetch a Knife. *Exit.*

Frank. Will you? 'Tis well, all's well.

[*She gone, he ſearches firſt one, then the other Pocket. Knife found. Dog runs off. He lies on one ſide: the Spirit of* Suſan *his ſecond Wife comes to the Beds-ſide. He ſtares at it; and turning to the other ſide, it's there too. In the mean time,* Winnifride *as a Page comes in, ſtands at his Beds-feet ſadly: he frighted, ſits upright. The Spirit vaniſhes.*

Frank. What art thou?

Win. A loſt Creature.

Frank. So am I too. *Win?* Ah, my She-Page!

Win. For your ſake I put on a ſhape that's falſe; yet do I wear a heart true to you as your own.

Frank. VVould mine and thine were Fellows in one houſe. Kneel by me here: on this ſide now? How dar'ſt thou come to mock me on both ſides of my bed?

Win. VVhen?

Frank. But juſt now: out-face me, ſtare upon me with ſtrange poſtures: turn my Soul wilde by a face in which were drawn a thouſand Ghoſts leap'd newly from their Graves, to pluck me into a winding-Sheet.

Win. Believe it, I came no neerer to you then yon place, at your beds-feet; and of the houſe had leave, calling my ſelf your Horſe-boy, in to come, and viſit my ſick Maſter.

Frank. Then 'twas my Fancy. Some Wind-mill in my brains for want of ſleep.

Win. VVould I might never ſleep, ſo you could reſt.

But

But you have pluck'd a Thunder on your head,
VVhoſe noiſe cannot ceaſe ſuddainly: why ſhould you
Dance at the wedding of a ſecond wife?
VVhen ſcarce the Muſick which you heard at mine
Had tane a farewel of you. O this was ill!
And they who thus can give both hands away,
In th'end ſhall want their beſt Limbs.

Frank. *Winnifride*, the Chamber door faſt? *Win.* Yes.

Frank. Sit thee then down;
And when th'aſt heard me ſpeak, melt into tears:
Yet I to ſave thoſe eyes of thine from weeping,
Being to write a Story of us two,
In ſtead of Ink, dip'd my ſad Pen in blood.
VVhen of thee I took leave, I went abroad
Onely for Pillage, as a Freebooter.
VVhat Gold ſoere I got, to make it thine.
To pleaſe a Father, I have Heaven diſpleaſ'd.
Striving to caſt two wedding Rings in one,
Through my bad workmanſhip I now have none.
I have loſt her and thee.

Win. I know ſhe's dead: but you have me ſtill.

Frank. Nay, her this hand murdered; and ſo I loſe thee too.

Win. Oh me! *Frank.* Be quiet, for thou my evidence art,
Jurie and Judge: ſit quiet, and I'll tell all.

As they whiſper, enter at one end o'th' Stage Old Carter *and* Katharine, Dog *at th' other, pawing ſofily at* Frank.

Kat. I have run madding up and down to find you, being laden with the heavieſt News that ever poor Daughter carried.

Cart. VVhy? is the Boy dead?

Kat. Dead, Sir! O Father, we are cozen'd: you are told the Murtherer ſings in Priſon, and he laughs here.
This Villaine kil'd my Siſter: ſee elſe, ſee,
A bloody Knife in's Pocket.

Cart. Bleſs me, patience!

Frank. The Knife, the Knife, the Knife!

Kat. VVhat Knife? *Exit Dog.*

Frank. To cut my Chicken up, my Chicken; be you my Carver, Father.

 Cart. That

Cart. That I will.

Kat. How the Devil feels our brows after doing ill!

Frank. My ſtomack and my ſight are taken from me; all is not well within me.

Cart. I believe thee, Boy: I that have ſeen ſo many Moons clap their Horns on other mens Foreheads to ſtrike them ſick, yet mine to ſcape, and be well! I that never caſt away a Fee upon Urinals, but am as ſound as an honeſt mans Conſcience when hee's dying, I ſhould cry out as thou doſt, All is not well within me, felt I but the Bag of thy impoſthumes. Ah poor Villaine! Ah my wounded Raſcal! all my grief is, I have now ſmall hope of thee.

Frank. Do the Surgeons ſay, My wounds are dangerous then?

Cart. Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but one.

Frank. Would he were here to open them.

Cart. Ile go to fetch him: Ile make an holiday to ſee thee as I wiſh. *Exit to fetch Officers.*

Frank. A wondrous kinde old man.

Win. Your ſins the blacker ſo to abuſe his goodneſs. Maſter, how do you?

Frank. Pretty well now, boy: I have ſuch odd qualms come croſs my ſtomack! Ile fall too: boy, cut me.

Win. You have cut me, I'm ſure, a Leg or Wing, Sir.

Frank. No, no, no: a Wing? would I had Wings but to ſoar up yon Tower: but here's a Clog that hinders me. What's that? [*Father with her in a Coffin.*]

Cart. That? what? O now I ſee her; 'tis a young Wench, my Daughter, Sirrah, ſick to the death: and hearing thee to be an excellent Raſcal for letting blood, ſhe looks out at a Caſement, and crys, Help, help, ſtay that man; him I muſt have, or none.

Frank. For pities ſake, remove her; ſee, ſhe ſtares with one broad open eye ſtill in my face.

Cart. Thou putteſt both hers out, like a Villaine as thou art; yet ſee, ſhe is willing to lend thee one againe to finde out the Murtherer, and that's thy ſelf.

Frank. Old man, thou lieſt.

Cart. So ſhalt thou i'th' Goal. Run for Officers.

Kat. O thou mercileſs Slave! ſhe was (though yet above ground) in her Grave to me, but thou haſt torn it up againe. Mine eyes too much

much drown'd, now muſt feel more raine.

Cart. Fetch Officers. *Exit Katharaine.*

Frank. For whom?

Cart. For thee, ſirrah, ſirrah: ſome knives have fooliſh Poſies upon them, but thine has a villanous one; look, Oh! it is enammeld with the Heart-Blood of thy hated Wife, my beloved Daughter. What ſaiſt thou to this evidence? is't not ſharp? does't not ſtrike home? thou canſt not anſwer honeſtly, and without a trembling heart, to this one point, this terrible bloody point.

Win. I beſeech you, Sir, ſtrike him no more; you ſee he's dead already.

Cart. O, Sir! you held his Horſes, you are as arrant a Rogue as he: up, go you too.

Frank. As y'are a man, throw not upon that Woman your loads of tyrannie, for ſhe's innocent.

Cart. How? how? a woman? is't grown to a faſhion for women in all Countries to wear the Breeches?

Win. I am not as my diſguiſe ſpeaks me, Sir, his Page; but his firſt onely wife, his lawful wife.

Cart. How? how? more fire i'th' Bed-ſtraw?

Win. The wrongs which ſingly fell on your Daughter, on me are multiplyed: ſhe loſt a life, but I, an Husband and my ſelf muſt loſe, if you call him to a Bar for what he has done.

Cart. He has done it then?

Win. Yes, 'tis confeſſ'd to me.

Frank. Doſt thou betray me?

Win. O pardon me, dear heart! I am mad to loſe thee, and know not what I ſpeak: but if thou didſt, I muſt arraigne this Father for two ſins, Adultery and Murther.

Kat. Sir, they are come. *Enter Katherine.*

Cart. Arraigne me for what thou wilt, all *Middleſex* knows me better for an honeſt man, then the middle of a Market place knows thee for an honeſt woman: riſe, Sirrah, and don your Tacklings, rig your ſelf for the Gallows, or I'll carry thee thither on my back: your Trull ſhall to th' Goal go with you; there be as fine New-gate birds as ſhe, that can draw him in. Pox on's wounds.

Frank. I have ſerv'd thee, and my wages now are paid,
Yet my worſt puniſhment ſhall, I hope, be ſtaid. *Exeunt.*

Act. V. Scen. 1.

Enter Mother Sawyer *alone.*

Sawy. STill wrong'd by every Slave? and not a Dog
Bark in his Dames defence? I am call'd Witch,
Yet am my ſelf bewitched from doing harm.
Have I given up my ſelf to thy black luſt
Thus to be ſcorn'd? not ſee me in three days?
I'm loſt without my *Tomalin*: prithee come,
Revenge to me is ſweeter far then life;
Thou art my Raven, on whoſe cole-black wings
Revenge comes flying to me: O my beſt love!
I am on fire, (even in the midſt of Ice)
Raking my blood up, till my ſhrunk knees feel
Thy curl'd head leaning on them. Come then, my Darling,
If in the Aire thou hover'ſt, fall upon me
In ſome dark Cloud; and as I oft have ſeen
Dragons and Serpents in the Elements,
Appear thou now ſo to me. Art thou i'th' Sea?
Muſter up all the Monſters from the deep,
And be the uglieſt of them: ſo that my bulch
Shew but his ſwarth cheek to me, let earth cleave,
And break from Hell, I care not: could I run
Like a ſwift Powder-Mine beneath the world,
Up would I blow it, all to finde out thee,
Though I lay ruin'd in it. Not yet come!
I muſt then fall to my old Prayer:
Sanctibiceter nomem tuum.
Not yet come! worrying of Wolves, biting of mad Dogs, the Manges and the ———

Enter Dog.

Dog. How now! whom art thou curſing?

Sawy. Thee. Ha! No, 'tis my black Cur I am curſing, for not attending on me.

Dog. I

Dog. I am that Cur.

Sawy. Thou lieſt: hence, come not nigh me.

Dog. Baugh, waugh.

Sawy. VVhy doſt thou thus appear to me in white, as if thou were the Ghoſt of my dear love?

Dog. I am dogged, liſt not to tell thee, yet to torment thee: my whiteneſs puts thee in minde of thy winding Sweet.

Sawy. Am I near death?

Dog. Yes, if the Dog of Hell be near thee. VVhen the Devil comes to thee as a Lamb, have at thy Throat.

Sawy. Off, Cur.

Dog. He has the back of a Sheep, but the belly of an Otter: devours by Sea and Land. VVhy am I in white? didſt thou not pray to me?

Sawy. Yes, thou diſſembling Hell-hound: why now in white more then at other times?

Dog. Be blaſted with the News; whiteneſs is days Foot-boy, a forerunner to light, which ſhews thy old rivel'd face: Villaines are ſtrip't naked, the Witch muſt be beaten out of her Cock-pit.

Sawy. Muſt ſhe? ſhe ſhall not; thou art a lying Spirit:
Why to mine eyes art thou a Flag of truce?
I am at peace with none; 'tis the black colour
Or none, which I fight under: I do not like
Thy puritan-paleneſs: glowing Furnaces
Are far more hot then they which flame outright.
If thou my old Dog art, go and bite ſuch as I ſhall ſet thee on.

Dog. I will not.

Sawy. I'll ſell my ſelf to twenty thouſand Fiends, to have thee torn in pieces then.

Dog. Thou canſt not: thou art ſo ripe to fall into Hell, that no more of my Kennel will ſo much as bark at him that hangs thee.

Sawy. I ſhall run mad.

Dog. Do ſo, thy time is come, to curſe, and rave and die.
The Glaſs of thy ſins is full, and it muſt run out at Gallows.

Sawy. It cannot, ugly Cur, I'll confeſs nothing;
And not confeſſing, who dare come and ſwear
have bewitched them? I'll not confeſs one mouthful.

Dog. Chuſe, and be hang'd or burn'd.

Sawy. Spigh,

Sawy. Spight of the Devil and thee, I'll muzzle up my Tongue from telling Tales.

Dog. Spight of thee and the Devil, thou'lt be condemn'd.

Sawy. Yes, when?

Dog. And ere the Executioner catch thee full in's Claws, thou'lt confess all.

Sawy. Out Dog! *Dog.* Out Witch! Thy tryal is at hand: Our prey being had, the Devil does laughing stand.

The Dog *stands aloof. Enter Old* Banks, Ratcliff, *and Countrymen.*

O. *Bank.* She's here; attach her: Witch, you must go with us.

Sawy. Whither? to Hell?

O. *Bank.* No, no, no, old Crone; your Mittimus shall be made thither, but your own Jaylors shall receive you. Away with her.

Sawy. My *Tommie!* my sweet *Tom*-boy! O thou Dog! dost thou now fly to thy Kennel and forsake me? Plagues and Consumptions —— *Exeunt.*

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Let not the World, VVitches or Devils condemn,
They follow us, and then we follow them.

[*Young* Banks *to the Dog.*]

Clown. I would fain meet with mine Ingle once more; he has had a Claw amongst 'um: my Rival that lov'd my VVench, is like to be hang'd like an innocent; a kinde Cur, where he takes; but where he takes not, a dogged Rascal. I know the Villaine loves me: no. [*Barks.*] Art thou there? that's *Toms* voice, but 'tis not he; this is a Dog of another hair: this? bark and not speak to me? not *Tom* then: there's as much difference betwixt *Tom* and this, as betwixt white and black.

Dog. Hast thou forgot me?

Clown. That's *Tom* again: prithee Ningle speak, is thy name *Tom?*

Dog. VVhilst I serv'd my old Dame *Sawyer*, 'twas: I'm gone from her now.

Dog. Gone? away with the VVitch then too: shee'll never thrive if thou leav'st her; she knows no more how to kill a Cow, or a Horse, or a Sow, without thee, then she does to kill a Goose.

Dog. No, she has done killing now, but must be kill'd for what she has done: she's shortly to be hang'd.

Clown. Is she? in my conscience if she be, 'tis thou hast brought her to the Gallows, *Tom.* *Dog.* Right:

Dog. Right: I ſerv'd her to that purpoſe, 'twas part of my VVages.

Clown. This was no honeſt Servants part, by your leave *Tom*: this remember, I pray you, between you and I; I entertain'd you ever as a Dog, not as a Devil.

Dog. True; and ſo I us'd thee doggedly, not divelliſhly.
I have deluded thee for ſport to laugh at.
The VVench thou ſeek'ſt after, thou never ſpakeſt with,
But a Spirit in her form, habit and likeneſs. Ha, ha!

Clown. I do not then wonder at the change of your garments, if you can enter into ſhapes of VVomen too.

Dog. Any ſhape, to blind ſuch ſilly eyes as thine; but chiefly thoſe courſe Creatures, Dog or Cat, Hare, Ferret, Frog, Toad.

Clown. Louſe or Flea?

Dog. Any poor Vermine.

Clown. It ſeems you Devils have poor thin ſouls, that you can beſtow your ſelves in ſuch ſmall bodies: but pray you *Tom*, one queſtion at parting, I think I ſhall never ſee you more; where do you borrow thoſe Bodies that are none of your own? the garment-ſhape you may hire at Brokers.

Dog. VVhy wouldſt thou know that? fool, it availes thee not.

Clown. Onely for my mindes ſake, *Tom*, and to tell ſome of my Friends.

Dog. I'll thus much tell thee: Thou never art ſo diſtant
From an evil Spirit, but that thy Oaths,
Curſes and Blaſphemies pull him to thine Elbow:
Thou never telſt a lie, but that a Devil
Is within hearing it; thy evil purpoſes
Are ever haunted; but when they come to act,
As thy Tongue ſlaundering, bearing falſe witneſs.
Thy hand ſtabbing, ſtealing, cozening, cheating,
He's then within thee: thou play'ſt, he bets upon thy part;
Although thou loſe, yet he will gaine by thee.

Clown. I? then he comes in the ſhape of a Rook.

Dog. The old Cadaver of ſome ſelfe-ſtrangled wretch
VVe ſometimes borrow, and appear humane.
The Carcaſe of ſome diſeaſe-ſlain ſtrumpet,
VVe varniſh freſh, and wear as her firſt Beauty.

Didſt

Didſt never hear? if not, it has been done.
An hot luxurious Leacher in his Twines,
When he has thought to clip his Dalliance,
There has provided been for his embrace
A fine hot flaming Devil in her place.

Clow. Yes, I am partly a witneſs to this, but I never could embrace her: I thank thee for that, *Tom*; well, againe I thank thee, *Tom*, for all this counſel, without a Fee too; there's few Lawyers of thy minde now: certainly *Tom*, I begin to pity thee.

Dog. Pity me? for what?

Clow. Were it not poſſible for thee to become an honeſt Dog yet? 'tis a baſe life that you lead, *Tom*, to ſerve VVitches, to kill innocent Children, to kill harmleſs Cattle, to ſtroy Corn and Fruit, &c. 'twere better yet to be a Butcher, and kill for your ſelf.

Dog. VVhy? theſe are all my delights, my pleaſures, fool.

Clow. Or *Tom*, if you could give your minde to ducking, I know you can ſwim, fetch and carry, ſome Shop-keeper in *London* would take great delight in you, and be a tender maſter over you: or if you have a mind to the Game, either at Bull or Bear, I think I could prefer you to *Mal-Cuſpurſe*.

Dog. Ha, ha! I ſhould kill all the Game, Bulls, Bears, Dogs, and all, not a Cub to be left.

Clow. You could do, *Tom*, but you muſt play fair, you ſhould be ſtav'd off elſe: or if your ſtomach did better like to ſerve in ſome Noble Mans, Knights or Gentlemans Kitchin, if you could brook the wheel, and turn the ſpit, your labour could not be much; when they have Roſt-meat, that's but once or twice in the week at moſt, here you might lick you own Toes very well: Or if you could tranſlate your ſelf into a Ladies Arming-puppy, there you might lick ſweet lips, and do many pretty Offices; but to creep under an old VVitches Coats, and ſuck like a great Puppy, Fie upon't! I have heard beaſtly things of you, *Tom*.

Dog. Ha, ha! The worſe thou heardſt of me, the better 'tis. Shall I ſerve thee, Fool, at the ſelf-ſame rate?

Clow. No, I'll ſee thee hang'd, thou ſhalt be damn'd firſt; I know thy qualities too well, I'le give no ſuck to ſuch VVhelps; therefore henceforth I defie thee; out and avaunt.

Dog. Nor will I ſerve for ſuch a ſilly Soul.

I am for greatneſs now, corrupted greatneſs;
There I'll ſhug in, and get a noble countenance:
Serve ſome Briarean Footcloth-ſtrider,
That has an hundred hands to catch at Bribes,
But not a Fingers nayl of Charity.
Such, like the Dragons Tayl, ſhall pull down hundreds
To drop and ſink with him: I'll ſtretch my ſelf,
And draw this Bulk ſmall as a Silver-wire,
Enter at the leaſt pore Tobacco fume
Can make a breach for: hence ſilly fool,
I ſcorn to prey on ſuch an Atome ſoul.

Clow. Come out, come out, you Cur; I will beat thee out of the bounds of *Edmonton*, and to morrow we go in Proceſſion, and after thou ſhalt never come in againe: if thou goeſt to *London*, I'll make thee go about by Tiburn, ſtealing in by Theeving Lane: if thou canſt rub thy Shoulder againſt a Lawyers Gown, as thou paſſeſt by *Weſtminſter*-Hall, do; if not, to the Stayers amongſt the Bandogs, take water, and the Devil go with thee. *Exeunt* T. Banks, Dog *barking*.

Enter Juſtice, *Sir* Arthur, Warbeck, Carter, Kate.

Juſt. Sir *Arthur*, though the Bench hath mildly cenſur'd your Errours, yet you have indeed been the Inſtrument that wrought all their miſ-fortunes: I would wiſh you pay'd down your Fine ſpeedily and willingly.

Sir Art. I'll need no urging to it.

Cart. If you ſhould, 'twere a ſhame to you; for if I ſhould ſpeak my conſcience, you are worthier to be hang'd of the two, all things conſidered; and now make what you can of it: but I am glad theſe Gentlemen are freed.

Warb. We knew our innocence. *Som.* And therefore fear'd it not.

Kat. But I am glad that I have you ſafe. *Noiſe within.*

Juſt. How now! what noyſe is that?

Cart. Young *Frank* is going the wrong way: Alas, poor youth! now I begin to pity him.

Enter T. Thorney *and Holberts.* *Enter as to ſee the Execution,* O. Carter, O. Thorney, Katharine, Winnifride *weeping.*

O. *Thor.* Here let our ſorrows wait him: to preſs neerer
The place of his ſad death, ſome apprehenſions

May tempt our grief too much, at height already.
Daughter, be comforted. *Win.* Comfort and I
Are too far ſeparated to be joyn'd
But in eternity. I ſhare too much of him that's going thither.

Carr. Poor woman, 'twas not thy fault; I grieve to ſee
Thee weep for him that hath my pity too.

Win. My fault was luſt, my puniſhment was ſhame;
Yet I am happy that my ſoul is free
Both from conſent, fore-knowledge and intent
Of any Murther, but of mine own Honour.
Reſtor'd again by a fair ſatisfaction, and ſince not to be wounded.

Offic. Daughter, grieve not for what neceſſity forceth; rather reſolve to conquer it with patience. Alas, ſhe faints!

Win. My griefes are ſtrong upon me: my weakneſs ſcarce can bear them.

Within. Away with her! hang her, Witch!

Enter Sawyer *to Execution, Officers with Holberts, country-people.*

Carr. The Witch, that inſtrument of miſchief! did not ſhe witch the Devil into my Son-in-law, when he kill'd my poor Daughter? do you hear, Mother *Sawyer?*

Sawy. What would you have? cannot a poor old woman have your leave to die without vexation?

Carr. Did not you bewitch *Frank* to kill his wife? he could never have don't without the Devil.

Sawy. Who doubts it? but is every Devil mine?
Would I had one now whom I might command
To tear you all in pieces: *Tom* would have don't before he left me.

Carr. Thou did'ſt bewitch *Anne Ratcliff* to kill her ſelf.

Sawy. Churl, thou ly'ſt; I never did her hurt: would you were all as neer your ends as I am, that gave evidence againſt me for it.

Country. I'll be ſworn, Mr. *Carter*, ſhe bewitched Gammer *Wat-bowls* Sow, to caſt her Pigs a day before ſhe would have farried; yet they were ſent up to *London*, and ſold for as good *Weſtminſter* Dog-Pigs, at *Bartholomew* Fair, as ever great belly'd Ale-wife longed for.

Sawy. Theſe Dogs will mad me: I was well reſolv'd

To

To die in my repentance; though 'tis true,
I would live longer if I might: yet since
I cannot, pray torment me not; my conscience
Is setled as it shall be; all take heed
How they believe the Devil, at last hee'l cheat you.

Carr. Th'adst best confess all truly. *Samy.* Yet again?
Have I scarce breath enough to say my Prayers?
And would you force me to spend that in bawling?
Bear witness, I repent all former evil;
There is no damned Conjuret like the Devil.

Omn. Away with her, away!

Enter Frank *to Execution, Officers, Justice, Sir* Arthur Warbeck, Somerton.

O. *Thor.* Here's the sad Object which I yet must meet
With hope of comfort, if a repentant end
Make him more happy then mis-fortune would
Suffer him here to be. *Frank,* Good Sir, turn from me;
You will revive affliction almost kil'd
With my continual sorrow. O *Thor.* O *Frank, Frank!*
Would I had sunk in mine own wants, or died
But one bare minute ere thy fault was acted.

Frank. To look upon your sorrows, excuses me before my Execution.

Win. Let me pray you, Sir.

Frank. Thou much wrong'd woman, I must sigh for thee,
As he that's onely loath to leave the World,
For that he leaves thee in it unprovided,
Unfriended; and for me to beg a pity
From any man to thee when I am gone,
Is more then I can hope; nor to say truth,
Have I deserv'd it: but there is a payment
Belongs to goodness from the great Exchequer
Above; it will not fail thee, *Winnifride*;
Be that thy comfort. O. *Thor.* Let it be thine too,
Untimely lost young man. *Frank,* He is not lost,
Who bears his peace within him: had I spun
My Web of life out at full length, and dream'd
Away my many years in lusts, in surfeits,

Murthers of Reputations, gallant ſins
Commended or approv'd; then though I had
Died eaſily, as great and rich men do,
Upon my own Bed, not compell'd by Juſtice,
You might have mourn'd for me indeed; my miſeries
Had been as everlaſting, as remedileſs:
But now the Law hath not arraign'd, condemn'd
With greater rigour my unhappy Fact,
Then I my ſelf have every little ſin
My memory can reckon from my Child-hood:
A Court hath been kept here, where I am found
Guilty; the difference is, my impartial Judge
Is much more gracious then my Faults
Are monſtrous to be nam'd; yet they are monſtrous.
O. *Thor.* Here's comfort in this penitence. *Win.* It ſpeaks
How truly you are reconcil'd, and quickens
My dying comfort, that was neer expiring
With my laſt breath: now this Repentance makes thee
As white as innocence; and my firſt ſin with thee,
Since which I knew none like it, by my ſorrow,
Is clearly cancell'd: might our Souls together
Climb to the height of their eternity,
And there enjoy what earth denied us, Happineſs:
But ſince I muſt ſurvive, and be the monument
Of thy lov'd memory, I will preſerve it
With a Religious care, and pay thy aſhes
A Widows duty, calling that end beſt,
Which though it ſtain the name, makes the ſoul bleſt
Frank. Give me thy hand, poor woman; do not weep:
Farewel. Thou doſt forgive me? *Win.* 'Tis my part
To uſe that Language *Frank.* Oh that my Example
Might teach the World hereafter what a curſe
Hings on their heads, who rather chuſe to marry
A goodly Portion, then a Dowr of Vertues!
Are you there, Gentlemen? there is not one
Amongſt you whom I have not wrong'd: you moſt;
To b'd you of a Daughter; but ſhe is
In Heaven; and I muſt ſuffer for it willingly.

Cart. I, I, ſhe's in Heaven, and I am glad to ſee
Thee ſo well prepared to follow her:
I forgive thee with all my heart; if thou
Had'ſt not had ill counſel, thou would'ſt not have
Done as thou didſt: the more ſhame for them.

Som. Spare your excuſe to me, I do conceive
What you would ſpeak: I would you could as eaſily
Make ſatisfaction to the Law, as to my wrongs.
I am ſorry for you.

Warb. And ſo am I, and heartily forgive you.

Kate. I will pray for you, for her ſake, who, I am ſure, did love you dearly.

Sir Art. Let us part friendly too: I am aſham'd of my part in thy wrongs.

Frank. You are all merciful, and ſend me to my Grave in peace. *Sir Arthur*, Heavens ſend you a new heart. Laſtly to you, Sir; and though I have deſerv'd not to be call'd your Son, yet give me leave upon my knees, to beg a bleſſing.

O. *Thor.* Take it: let me wet thy Cheeks with the laſt
Tears my griefs have left me. O *Frank, Frank, Frank!*

Frank. Let me beſeech you, Gentlemen, to
Comfort my old Father; keep him with yee;
Love this diſtreſſed VVidow; and as often
As you remember what a graceleſs man
I was, remember likewiſe that theſe are
Both free, both worthy of a better Fate,
Then ſuch a Son or Husband as I have been.
All help me with your prayers. On, on, 'tis juſt
That Law ſhould purge the guilt of blood and luſt. *Exit.*

Cart. Go thy ways: I did not think to have ſhed one tear for thee, but thou haſt made me water my plants ſpight of my heart. M. *Thorney*, chear up, man; whilſt I can ſtand by you, you ſhall not want help to keep you from falling. We have loſt our Children both on's the wrong way, but we cannot help it: better or worſe, 'tis now as 'tis.

O. *Thor.* I thank you, Sir, you are more kinde then I have cauſe to hope or look for.

Cart. Mr. *Somerton*, is *Kate* yours or no?

Som. VVe

Som. We are agreed.

Kat. And, but my Faith is paſſ'd, I ſhould fear to be married Husbands are ſo cruelly unkind: excuſe me that I am thus troubled.

Som. Thou ſhalt have no cauſe.

Cart. Take comfort Miſtris *Winnifride*. Sir *Arthur*,
For his abuſe to you, and to your Husband,
Is by the Bench enjoyn'd to pay you down
A thouſand Marks. *Sir Art.* Which I will ſoon diſcharge.

Win. Sir, 'tis too great a ſum to be imploy'd upon my Funeral.

Cart. Come, come, if luck had ſerv'd, *Sir Arthur*, and every man had his due, ſomebody might have totter'd ere this, without paying Fines: like it as you liſt. Come to me *Winnifride*, ſhalt be welcome: make much of her, *Kate*, I charge you: I do not think but ſhe's a good Wench, and hath has wrong as well as we. So let every man home to *Edmonton* with heavy hearts, yet as merry as we can, though not as we would.

Juſt. Joyn Friends in ſorrow; make of all the beſt:
Harms paſt may be lamented, not redreſt. *Exeunt*

EPI.

EPILOGUE.

Win. *I Am a Widow ſtill, and muſt not ſort*
A ſecond choice, without a good report;
Which though ſome Widows finde, and few deſerve,
Yet I dare not preſume, but will not ſwerve
From modeſt hopes. All noble tongues are free;
The gentle may ſpeak one kinde word for me.

PHEN.

FINIS.

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